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The DOUBLE DEALER

".....I can deceive them both by speaking the truth."

BACK TO CHAOS

SHERWOOD Anderson some five or more years ago in a paper called "An Apology for Crudity," which appeared in the old *Dial* made this striking and intelligent observation:

"For a long time I have believed that crudity is an inevitable quality in the production of a really significant present-day American literature. How indeed is one to escape the obvious fact that there is as yet no native subtlety of thought or living among us! And if we are a crude and childlike people how can our literature hope to escape the influence of that fact! Why, indeed, should we want it to escape!....

"We talk of writers of the old world and the beauty and subtlety of the work they do. Below me the roaring city lies like a great animal on the prairie, but we do not run out to the prairies. We stay in our rooms and talk....

"I know we shall never have an American literature until we return to faith in ourselves, and to the facing of our limitations. We must in some way become in ourselves more like our fellows, more simple and real."

Says Robert Morss Lovett in a recent issue of the new *Dial*, "The Promise of Sherwood Anderson" (why not the performance?): "This is Mr. Anderson's creed. He has tried always to work under its sanctions. He has made it his first office to see American life as it is, without illusions...."

I might go further and assert that this should be every creative artist's creed—that is, every American creative artist of today. Crude we are and crude must we remain until—until we become ripened for a native fineness, beauty, subtlety. But until then—crude.

Nietsche's quick now hackneyed lines keep buzzing in my mind. How vital they seem, how significant to the cultural awakening in America today: "I tell you one must have chaos in one to give birth to a dancing star." Chaos! First chaos, then nebula which by intensive condensation gradually becomes star—dancing star. The star which was Homer sprang out of chaos. The star which was Christ sprang from chaos. The star which was Dante sprang from chaos. The star which was Shakespeare sprang out of chaos. The star which was Greece, Rome, Florence, France, Britain, sprang from chaos. The dancing star, that hot huge molten ball, brewed in the cauldron—the melting pot of a stark crude mongrel civilization—the star which will be America for all the peoples of earth to look upon must also spring from chaos.

What is the meaning of all this eloquence about chaos, crudity and dancing stars? Friend, do you need a meaning or can you read one? The idea is not new, an old tattered thing if you will,

but stale, tattered, old, as it is, it remains the vitalest thing in the cultural development of an emerging people. Mr. Anderson has stated it. I cannot better restate it. I can but reiterate his words that *crudity is an inevitable quality in the production of a really significant present-day American literature;* and tack thereonto this other, that it is only by going back to the elemental—or rather by beginning with the elemental, the simple, the real, the unsubtle, the crude—that the voice of America will ever be heard or worthy the hearing.

ATTENTION TO MUSTER!

THE dictator of American letters, I refer, of course, to Mr. Henry Mencken, has declared literary America free in the last seven pages of the March *Smart Set.* No longer, says he, need the novelist dread the dragon of comstockery. The last dead fingers of a by-gone Victorian age of restraint have relaxed their icy grip. Ride forth champions, you are free. An eager world awaits you.

They are free, we concur, and mainly thanks to Mr. Mencken, the giant-killer and rescuer of *belles lettres.* Some of us may be inclined to doubt, now that the monsters which harassed the novelists lie slain, the terribleness of these bogies, but this kind of bravery is as old as Hector, whom you may remember, after he had been laid low by Achilles, was kicked in the ribs by all the rest of the knightly Achaeans. No one, at least, can impugn the saviour's valor.

And now after the liberation let us not so valiant ones call the roll of the liberated. Let us muster the champions, catalogue the vessels.

Attention to muster—

Mr. James Branch Cabell—caviare to the general, catfish to the moderns, invested with literary immortality by the police, whose battle has been won and lost.

Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer—who has twice tried to pour the ideal woman into the flesh of a mammal and found it more than the traffic would bear. The stylist whose style appeals to the discriminating through the agency of the movies and the *Saturday Evening Post.*

Mr. Theodore Dreiser—a grim realist who has relentlessly told us in 700 pages time and again: that big business men are not always strictly honest nor continent; but who believes nevertheless that captains of industry are as handsome as the hero of "Three Weeks," "grim, wonderful men."

Mr. Sherwood Anderson—a writer of tremendous potentiality, luckily only in his creative teens. A true artist, who yet at times reminds us of a Longfellow who has read Freud.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis—a champion who informs us that, alas, the Ladies' Social and Literary Club is not an organization of intellectuals; an Elk pin not an unfailing sign of culture; that cold potatoes, corner drugstores, fertilizer are found on examination to be no better than they should be.

Mr. Floyd Dell—who described autobiographically the soulstrivings of a needy professional Mooncalf so beautifully that all the girls, shop and society, bought the book. The royalties therefrom deprived him of his profession.

Mr. John Dos Passos"Three Soldiers," a terrible indictment of mess sergeants, slumgulleon stew and army mules. A book which proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that obscene language was in common usage in the American Army. A charge so horrid and overwhelming that I have not the courage to go on with this roll call. I reel, I faint, I fall.

Company dismissed!

YOUTH AND THE HOME

IT is, I am told, a peculiarly American achievement—the home. It is the foundation of American democracy. In it American youth learns at the mother knee the first lessons in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Senators, pulpiteers, editors find it a lovely thing, without which America might not have become "the greatest country that ever was."

"There is no place like home," says a peregrinating authority on women, and adds, "which is one comfort." And his subtlety encourages me. Because I have the conviction that the American home is the root of all the ills of American society.

The fact that the impulse of youth is to wander away from home, is indication that there is something lacking there. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, youth is taught to be prudent, not to doubt the great accepted conventions, not to be different from his neighbors, not to think about love and procreation because both are nasty; to make money, to marry a virgin and to live happy ever after. In ninety-nine homes out of a hundred, youth is repressed, the play and creative impulses are misunderstood and misdirected, ideas are given to him out of thinkers ages dead to make a modern conscience with. No wonder youth wastes his time. No wonder his head—and *her* head, for the daughters are most sadly victimized—is ivory and all unpolished.

Youth must leave home to unlearn the lessons youth has been fettered and blinded with. And many are they, alas, who can never leave that prison. Many are they who die there, having never lived.

America needs homes where new ideas are as welcome as new children and where new children can be as welcome as new ideas. America needs homes that are less institutional, more tolerant of mental expansion, more tolerant of the facts of life. America needs homes that are a little mad as genius is mad. America needs homes where every individual in the family can be an individual without causing an old-fashioned meal-time row.

Jepthah, please pass the millenium and the salt!

THE IMP IN THE BOTTLE

THERE is an immemorial devil in claret who is one of the finest fellows in hell, and though the Puritans war on him quite naturally, as they war on all boon companions, the intelligent heathen, among whom we number ourselves, infinitely prefer him to all hypocritical preachers. We defend him to the end.

Wine of some sort is one of the essential ingredients of a rich life. Since man began, he has searched for nectars. It is a trait of Adam Kadmon to desire to be drinking. You are not in sym-

pathy with the generic ape whose dreams have evolved this world in which we move and you are not capable of understanding him unless you are also in sympathy with his desire to guzzle. Drinks that while away time are a manifestation of the nature of Adam. Destiny drove him to concoct liquors and concentrate one element of his genius into alcoholic cordials just as destiny drove him to express himself in another way in sky-scrapers, electricity and popular government.

Those who deny man the privilege of swigging are maiming his immortal identity. They are lopping off a spiritual limb, evolved, as the moral sense was evolved, in due course out of a nebula. It is his character, his nature to drink. He arrived at gin fizzes after aeons of travail.

And nobody can understand this concupiscent, naive and astonishing creature, Adam Kadmon, who is the raw material of literature, unless he understands and appreciates his guzzling propensity.

It is much to be doubted, as has been said before this, if a bone-dry prohibitionist can produce even a second rate work in literature. It would only be possible, perhaps, if the poor devil were an ex-sot who had embraced asceticism to obtain some alleged salvation. The dyed-in-the-wool prohibitionist doesn't know what Adam is, doesn't know what he himself is, and could no more produce a rich, complete and satisfyingly human artistic production than could a horse.

Prohibition, of course, is a joke, most enjoyed by the festive undertakers. But if the aim of the bone-dry legion is accomplished and the great American democrat becomes a willing and conscientious uncoerced prohibitionist, the hope for sound production in any of the arts in this morgue of joys will go glimmering.

WILLIAM McFEE ON NEW ORLEANS

IN the early nineteenth century few of the authors who used New Orleans in their stories had ever been here, they wrote from indistinct memories of lurid tales told by travelers and of rare notices in the New York or Philadelphia papers giving accounts of terrible epidemics of yellow fever or of adventures in gambling houses. In fact whenever a disagreeable character had to disappear he took a trip to New Orleans and was lost sight of forever.

As the years advanced and traveling became more easy, other views of New Orleans appeared in novels. The stories of Cable, Mrs. Stuart, Grace King, and others, familiarized the fiction reading world with new conceptions of the city.

Among the writers who have spent considerable time here recently and deal with the subject from inside, William McFee in his sprightly novel "Captain Macedoine's Daughter," has some paragraphs which show unusual familiarity with the city. He speaks of "the early fruit traffic between the Colombian ports and New Orleans, of a typical Louisiana nigger, of renting a cottage out on Tchoupitoulas street, where the mosquitoes sing loud enough to drown conversation and the grass grows man-high between the road and the sidewalk, of the time when New Orleans was called a wide-open little town."

He speaks of "the dry and dismal stretch of Poydras street in the evening, the stark warehouses of Calliope street and then miles and miles of verandahed shabbiness getting more and more open with fields and cross-roads running down into mere vague vacancies, or perhaps a shy solitary cottage, and the extraordinary sunsets over the lake, sunsets like vast flat washes of crimson and gamboge and violet which were wiped out as by a hasty hand and left the wide spaced faubourgs a prey to the murmurous onslaught of insects and the hollow boom of enormous frogs."

His last reference is to that "extraordinary concoction of artificialities which we call New Orleans, where dead civilizations lie superimposed one upon the other like leaves in a rotten old book, where you can cut down through them from the mail-steamer and the trolley car and the fake religion, right down to the poisonous swamp and the Voodoo frenzy. It was a place whose very silences were eloquent of sadness and frustrated achievements."

Words

By IVAN T. DOWELL

Babble on with never resting tongues,
You are so full of words that you have read.
Great bellies full of books, cry out your lungs!
I turn to silence for a bed.

My aching ears are vomiting the speech
You spewed in them. (Man's ear should have a flap.)
You munched some books, then swollen with wet words,
Came gurgling "Pap!"

Bawl loudly now, and quickly, lest you burst,
And that red tongue should fly from out your head.
Tell the full matter, starting at the first;
I turn to silence—being fed.

New Orleans, The Double Dealer and the Modern Movement in America

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

FOR the last five years there has been coming to life in America a new type of magazine that must seem to the average man and woman, standing a little aside from the impulses that are creating it, rather without definite aims. And I am particularly interested in this matter just now because I happen to be living for a time in New Orleans, because I love something basically cultural in the life here, because there is published in this city the *Double Dealer,* one of the periodicals of the sort I have in mind, and because I have repeatedly, since I have been here, heard the question asked—"What does the *Double Dealer* stand for? What are such publications up to, anyway?"

Very definitely I think they are up to something and I am glad enough to have the privilege of saying, in the pages of one of this newer sort of magazines itself, what I think is in the air of America that is calling them into existence.

People who have not given the matter much thought will hardly realize, I believe, just what has happened in the publication field in America within the last generation.

There has been, for a long time now, and with America and Germany as the most outstanding leaders of the movement, a tremendous standardization of life going on in every country of the western world. By the western world I mean all of the Occident as opposed to the Oriental world.

As an example of what I am trying to get at, let me start by re-stating a fact, well known to every American past forty, the obvious fact that within our own day there has come a great change in the mechanics of the everyday life of every American man, woman and child.

There have been these two things—the speeding up and the standardization of life and thought, the one impulse no doubt the result of the other.

In my own father's day, for example, there was not a man of our Ohio town, counting himself at all a person of ordinary intelligence, who did not know the name of the editor of every New York, Chicago, Cincinnati or New Orleans newspaper. Not only the names but the personalities and dominant characteristics of these editors were known to everyone within the radius of the territories in which they circulated, and often far outside. The entire daily press of the country was dominated by men of strong individuality who were continually making a direct and powerful appeal out of their own complex minds to readers all over the country.

One has, you see, but to compare the city newspaper of today with that of a generation ago to get a quite startling

realization of what has happened. In the newspaper world now are there any such towering figures as our fathers knew? If there are, who are they?

When it comes to that, does the average citizen of any American city today know or care who is editor of the newspaper he reads in the morning? One doesn't think of personalities in connection with newspapers any more. The passing from active service of Colonel Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, saw pass also the last of the old type of unique individuals impressing their personalities on people in general through the ownership or editorship of newspapers. Chicago, a city of, the gods know how many hundred thousands, nameless human beings drifting daily through crowded noise haunted streets, in and out of the doors of apartment and office buildings, department stores and factories, has two morning newspapers, printed in English.

Paris, a city half the size of Chicago, has some thirty French daily newspapers.

And Paris, you will remember, is inhabited by one people while Chicago has within its limits a conglomeration of peoples from all over the world, newly come together, and trying to make of themselves one people—a new people—the Americans of the future.

There is something very amazing indicated by all this.

In one city the attempt is being made to channel the minds of all men into one iron groove while in the other the idiosyncracies of individuals and groups are given breathing space and many channels of expression. The impulse has its significance, hasn't it, in the somewhat strange notion, that has for a long time been becoming more and more prevalent among us, a notion that to conform to type is man's highest mission?

A rather strange doctrine, that, to be so universally accepted in "the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

It was I believe a doctrine held in high esteem in Germany in the days of the Hohenzollerns. There they succeeded in making this doctrine the national ideal. They made every man a soldier, disciplined every citizen with an "iron hand," crushed the individuality out of everyone and succeeded finally in creating the terrible military machine, that made the rest of the world tremble in anticipation of the time when it would be set going against them, but that, by an ironic turn of fate, the French, perhaps the most individualistic people in the world, did manage to turn aside at the Marne.

However, I have no desire to become grandiloquent in discussing this matter.

What I am trying to set forth is merely the fact that standardization of all life and all thought has gone much further in America than most of us realize, and to point out that what might be called the Modern Movement is really no more than an effort to re-open the channels of individual expression.

What I have said about the newspaper field is equally true of the general magazine field, and it is pretty much true nowadays of the whole book-publishing business.

In the beginning the publication of magazines and books in America was almost entirely a cultural undertaking, with thoughts of profit taken into consideration only as a secondary element.

Nowadays organizations such as Hearst's, the Butterick's, the Curtis', the American Magazine crowd, Munsey's and others, own, edit and publish sometimes as many as a dozen magazines each. These magazines are run through the shop in bunches, as the modern factory turns out cheap furniture. I beg of you, if you are under the illusion that there is left any individuality among them, go to the nearest news stand and run your eye over the covers of a dozen popular magazines.

On the cover of each magazine is to be seen the same Broadway New York conception of womanly beauty. She has tilted her head a little more or less to this or that side. Now she is swinging a golf stick, now driving an automobile. O, ho, it is winter. She is now setting forth for the frozen lake clad in expensive furs and with a pair of skates on her shoulder.

There is one thing for which I have always been devoutly thankful. I have never seen this magazine cover female in the flesh, and I hope I never shall. I try to be a gentleman and would dislike being caught in the act of throwing a brick at the head of a lady.

As for the contents of these magazines, some of them, *The Saturday Evening Post, Pictorial Review,* and one or two others, that carry a great many pages of advertising and are very profitable business ventures, have been able to develop a type of writer who is really quite amazingly clever.

When you bear in mind that all of these magazines are run primarily for the purpose of the advertising pages, and that the first thing always to be borne in mind by the editors is the building up and holding of tremendous circulations, it will be easily understood why America had to develop a special type of writer to meet the demand .

A sort of continual and terrible perversion of life goes on here. After all there are human men and women in America. Where among us live these creatures of the popular magazine short story, the best-selling novel or the moving picture? One reads the stories published in these magazines and they are very skilfully done. There is a strange exterior semblance of life in the people who parade before us and do for our edification these brave, clever or humorous stunts.

The trick when analyzed is very simple. The appearance of life is given by exterior means entirely. The doctor's office, the city street, the vacant lot beside the factory, are described with an amazing finality and fulsomeness of detail. Into these places people are cast, wearing the ordinary clothes such as one is accustomed to see wrapped about the bodies of his friends and neighbors.

There is a kind of legerdemain that with practice may be acquired. Having tricked your reader by these purely mechanical details into having faith in the people you are writing about, you simply make these people do and say things no human being has ever really been known to do or say.

In the pages of these magazines no one ever acts as people do in life or thinks as people do in life, and of course, the writers of the stories care nothing for human life. To begin caring for human beings, thinking of them, and trying to understand them a little, would so quickly destroy their technic and their income and jerk them

down off their pasteboard thrones.

The point is that such writers are one and all no doubt men who might have been at least half artists under decent conditions. But they have been twisted out of their natural function as artists because, for nearly a generation, there has been in America no periodical press through which they could channel an honest reaction to the life about them.

A magazine having a circulation of a million is in a rather ticklish position when it comes to handling any such matters as honest reactions to life. There are so many things the editors of all such magazines have to be careful about. All such basic human attributes as sex hungers, greed and the sometimes twisted and strangely perverted desires for beauty in human beings have to be let alone. The basic stuff of human life that all real artists, working in the medium of prose, have handled all through the history of writing has to be thrown aside. The writer is perpetually called upon to seem to be doing something while doing nothing at all. There is the perpetual tragedy of unfulfilment.

Every intelligent man knows that, since Eve tempted Adam with the apple, no such thing as a pure man or woman has ever existed in the world, but these poor devils are compelled to believe, against all the dictates of their common sense, that purity is a kind of universal human attribute and departure from it a freakish performance. In order that none of the million subscribers be lost or any good advertiser offended they are forced to spend their lives firing off blank cartridges, shooting pith-balls at pig bladder.

I remember that my father, a man given to ourbursts of picturesque cursing used to sometimes startle us children by some such pronouncement as this (some neighbor had perhaps won his disfavor): "Damn his hide. I hope he has to live all the rest of his days in a pie factory with a muzzle on," he cried, shaking his fist at the neighbor's house.

* * * * * * *

The man in the street, engaged in the important matter of watching the baseball score, or wondering how he can beat the income tax or the races, will also be wondering what all this has to do with human life in America.

It has a good deal to do with it I should say.

When one thinks of America as it was, but a few generations ago, a vast wilderness across which railroads had to be laid, whose forests had to be cut away and whose cities were yet to be built, one can understand that there was a time in America when to be perpetually on the go, to be a hustler and a "go-getter," was a kind of moral duty.

Then perhaps there was no time to be wasted in this foolishness of trying to understand each other, of trying to really call up before ourselves, through the work of our artists, something of the inner quality of our lives. To be a "go-getter" was then perhaps a moral duty. A tree might have fallen on the head of the pioneer, who for a moment lost himself in the effort to understand his neighbor. Alertness was the mood of the times.

It may be now that a time has come to ask ourselves questions.

Are our lives worth living?

Is it living, at all, to spend all of our

best years in helping to build cities larger, increase the number and size of our factories, build up individual fortunes, make more dirt and noise and indulge in an ever-increasingly louder talk of progress?

Or is there a quieter, more leisurely and altogether more charming way of life we might begin to live, here in America, instead of having to run off to Europe to find it?

Whether the time has come to ask the question or not, it is being asked. That is the most important question the young Modern is asking. A sharp and ever more and more searching criticism of all the old American shibboleths is going on. Books are being written and printed today that simply could not have found a publisher five or ten years ago and a new and vastly more intelligent audience has already been developed for these books. In the future—sometime perhaps—we will have less loud talk of freedom and a more determined individual effort to find freedom.

When it comes to the Arts it is probably true that there is more vitality to the Modern Art Movement, as expressed in America in sculpture, painting and writing, than in any of the older cultural centers of Europe.

The simple fact of the matter is that, if America will but begin to turn more of its natural vitality into the Arts, and if we begin to think more of quality than of quantity and more of living than of accumulating, and also if we can bear, without too much flinching, a determined criticism, I myself believe—and I am far from alone in this belief—that the center of culture for the whole western world can be shifted to America. In short America may become the center for a new channeling of life through the Arts, for a new renaissance.

In this article I have used the word "culture" several times, perhaps too often. It is a rather dangerous word to use to an American audience and frightens some of us horribly. As a people we have always been most fearfully afraid of being called cultural. The idea has got mixed up in our heads with the study of geometry, the translation of Homer in schools, and such things. Not fancying these things we have become almighty proud of our low-browishness. Which is all right, too, but there is no necessity of being too proud of our lack of subtlety in definitions.

When I came from New York to New Orleans, a few weeks ago, there was an oyster shucking contest going on in Lafayette Square, in the heart of the city. It was for the oyster opening championship of the world. Mike Algero, a handsome Italian, won it. I took that in and then went for a long walk on the docks, extending for miles along the Mississippi river front, looking at negro laborers at work. They are the only laborers I have ever seen in America who know how to laugh, sing and play in the act of doing hard physical labor. And the man who thinks that, man for man, they do not achieve more work in a day than a white laborer of the North is simply mistaken.

That was a day for me.

By that time and by the time I had taken a ride through the "Vieux Carré," the old French Creole town, and had gone, in the evening, to see a bang-up negro prize fight out under the stars in an open air arena—

Well you see, I went back to my room and wrote a letter to a friend declaring New Orleans the most cultural city I had yet found in America.

"Blessed be this people. They know how to play. They are truly a people of culture."

That was the substance of what I wrote to my friend.

Really, you see, we Americans have always been such a serious, long-faced people. Some one must have told us long ago that we had to make ourselves world-saviours or something like that. And it got under our skin. Every long-jawed, loose-mouthed politician in the country began to talk about our saving the human race. We got unnecessarily chesty. The grand manner got to be the vogue. It sticks to us.

What is the matter with us anyway? What are we bluffing ourselves about?

Does not a real culture in any people consist first of all in the acceptance of life, life of the flesh, mind and spirit? That, and a realization of the inter-dependence of all these things in making a full and a flowering life.

What I think is that the Modern Spirit in America really means something like a return to common sense. I am sure that even such serious representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race as H. G. Wells or Oswald Garrison Villard aren't after all so much fussed about the destinies of the English and American peoples. I am sure any man is at bottom more concerned with what he is to have for dinner, how he is to spend his evening, explain himself to his friends, or perhaps even with the anticipation of the woman he hopes to hold in his arms, than he is with the destiny of any nation.

"Where can a man get six bottles of good wine? I have some friends coming to my house to dinner."

* * *

"I am a working man and my wife is going to have another kid. What kind of tobacco is that you are smoking? The bird I got this stuff from stuck me with something that bites my tongue like the devil."

* * *

I proclaim myself an American and one of the Moderns. At the present moment I am living in New Orleans, I have a room in the "Vieux Carré" with long French windows, through which one can step out upon a gallery, as wide as the sidewalk below. It is charming to walk there, above the street and to look down at others hustling off to work. I do not love work too much. Often I want to loaf and I want others to loaf with me, talk with me of themselves and their lives.

It happens that I have a passion for writing stories about people and there is a kind of shrewdness in me too. If I can understand people a little better perhaps they in turn will understand me. I like life and haven't too much of it to live. Perhaps if I take things in a more leisurely way I shall find more friends and lovers.

I sit in my room writing until the world of my imagination fades. Then I go out to walk on my gallery or take my stick and go walk in the streets.

There are two girls walking in Saint Peter street. A man has stopped at a street crossing to light a pipe. A quiet, suggestive life stirs my imagination.

There is an old city here, on the lip of America, as it were, and all about it

has been built a new and more modern city. In the old city a people once lived who loved to play, who made love in the moonlight, who walked under trees, gambled with death in the dueling field.

These people are pretty much gone now, but their old city is still left. Men here call it the "Vieux Carré."

And that I think charming too. They might have called it uptown or downtown.

And to me it is altogether charming that almost all of the old city still stands. From my window, as I sit writing, I see the tangled mass of the roofs of the old buildings. There are old galleries with beautiful hand-wrought railings, on which the people of the houses can walk above the street, or over which the housewife can lean in the morning to call to the vegetable man pushing his cart along the roadway below.

What colors in the old walls and doors of these buildings. Yellows fade into soft greens. There is a continual shifting interplay of many colors as the sunlight washes over them.

I go to walk. It is the dusk of evening and men are coming home from work. There are mysterious passageways leading back into old patios.

"My beloved put in his hand by the hole in the door,
And my bowels were moved for him.
I rose up to open to my beloved;
And my hand dropped with myrrh,
And my fingers with liquid myrrh,
Upon the handle of the bolt.
I opened to my beloved;
But my beloved had withdrawn himself and was gone."

I am in New Orleans and I am trying to proclaim something I have found here and that I think America wants and needs.

There is something left in this people here that makes them like one another, that leads to constant outbursts of the spirit of play, that keeps them from being too confoundedly serious about death and the ballot and reform and other less imporant things in life.

The newer New Orleans has no doubt been caught up by the passions of our other American cities. Outside the "Vieux Carré" there is no doubt a good deal of the usual pushing and shoving so characteristic of American civilization. The newer New Orleans begs factories to come here from other cities. I remember to have seen page advertisements, pleading with factory owners of the North to bring their dirt and their noise down here, in the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post,* if I remember correctly.

However I am sure these people do not really mean it. There are too many elements here pulling in another direction, and an older and I believe more cultural and sensible direction.

At any rate there is the fact of the "Vieux Carré"—the physical fact. The beautiful old town still exists. Just why it isn't the winter home of every sensitive artist in America, who can raise money enough to get here, I do not know. Because its charms aren't known, I suppose. The criers-out of the beauty of the place may have been excursion boomers.

* * *

And so I proclaim New Orleans from my own angle, from the angle of the Modern. Perhaps the city will not thank me, but anyway it is a truly beautiful city. Perhaps if I can bring more artists here they will turn out a ragtag

enough crew. Lafcadio Hearn wasn't such a desirable citizen while he lived, in the "Vieux Carré."

However I address these fellows. I want to tell them of long quiet walks to be taken on the levee in back-of-town, where old ships, retired from service, thrust their masts up into the evening sky. On the streets here the crowds have a more leisurely stride, the negro life issues a perpetual challenge to the artists, sailors from many lands come up from the water's edge and idle on the street cornrs, in the evening soft voices, speaking strange tongues, come drifting up to you out of the street.

I have undertaken to write an article on the Modern Spirit and because I am in New Orleans and have been so completely charmed by life in the "Vieux Carré" I may have seemed to get off the track.

I haven't really. I stick to my pronouncement that culture means first of all the enjoyment of life, leisure and a sense of leisure. It means time for a play of the imagination over the facts of life, it means time and vitality to be serious about really serious things and a background of joy in life in which to refresh the tired spirits.

In a civilization where the fact becomes dominant, submerging the imaginative life, you will have what is dominant in the cities of Pittsburg and Chicago today.

When the fact is made secondary to the desire to live, to love, and to understand life, it may be that we will have in more American cities a charm of place such as one finds in the older parts of New Orleans now.

There has been a good deal of talk about the solid wall of preferred prejudices and the sentimentalities of the South and there may be a good deal of truth in the charge of Southern intellectual backwardness.

Perhaps the South has only been waiting for the Modern Spirit to assert itself to come into its own. It is, I believe, coming into its own a little through such efforts as the publication of *The Double Dealer*, a magazine devoted to the Arts, in New Orleans.

And, as I am supposed to be proclaiming the Modern Spirit I repeat again that it means nothing to me if it does not mean putting the joy of living above the much less subtle and I think altogether more stupid joy of growth and achievement.

Man is a clam immured in the sands of infinity; love is the great toe of God.—*Ivan T. Dowell.*

Anthology of the Lowly

(Continued)

By PAUL ELDRIDGE

GANDER

Had I only cared to stretch
My strong, white neck
Above my wives' and sisters' heads,
I could have easily become
A tall swan—
I believed in necks of equal size—
I lived—
And died—
A GANDER!

GOOSE

Now that I am dead,
I may explain the mystic meaning
Of my ceaseless cackling;
I warned the world, and prophesied:
"The Sun will drown in the puddle,"
"The Sun will drown in the puddle,
I was shood,
And mocked at,
And slaughtered.
My prophecy has come to pass—
The Earth is a black desert,
The Sun lies sunken in the mud.

FLEA

I was the knight errant
Of Insects,
Seeking adventure.
I winged my way
In eager quest—
Man, dog, monkey, hen,
I bit them all,
And everywhere—
I learned too late,
As I was crushed
Between the two great thumbs
Of Death,
That all flesh tastes alike.

GOAT

I butted Life,
Ceaselessly,
With my two strong horns—
My horns broke—
Life goes on,
Unscathed—
Who is this breaker of horns?

FROG

Of the silly vanity
That made me puff and puff,
Until my speckled skin burst,
And I was left a shapeless spirit,
I am not ashamed—
But sharper than a crooked hook,
That pierces the belly,
Is the bitter and constant regret
That the one I wished to equal
Was but an ox.

SWAN

Upon the smooth cool lake
Bordered by frail, sad willows,
We sailed,
Slowly,
Dreaming,
The two of us,—
One white,
One black,
Breast on breast. . .
The world burst in flames,
The willows dropped into the lake,
The lake bent, and plunged
Into a deep abyss—
The white one vanished,
The black is left to mourn
Upon the silent, frozen shore
Of Endlessness.

Two Vignettes of Havana

By EDNA WORTHLEY UNDERWOOD

I. RUBBER LEAVES IN THE WIND

I went out the door of the Hotel Inglaterra, in Havana, in the early morning, the hour when women who have great black eyes sheltered by black lace *mantillas,* are on their way to mass.

On either side of the doorway were countrymen selling roses, roses piled upon the ground until they overtopped the owners' heads, and purple plumaged peacocks bound with strips of orange calico.

In the middle of the Prado I paused to drink in deeply the fragrant sea-wind, to watch to the right in a park, the billowing of long black palm plumes under the warm breath of the trade winds, and to catch glimpse some distance away of a statue which is both lovable and lonely—*El Fuente de la India.*

A strangeness enveloped me which I savored discriminatingly. Upon the red, angry soil at my feet—in the Prado parkway—were small, stiff rose bushes, but bearing blossoms of a hue vivid as flame. They were as if painted upon fluid air. Foliage plants were grouped richly whose leaves looked like the abandoned skins of prehistoric monsters; prickly, pernicious hued.

A huckster passed selling melons whose surfaces were green as eels and suggested slippery sea-life, but whose flesh was rich, musk-scented and magnificently orange.

A fruit dealer set up an old-fashioned apple parer, but upon it he was paring oranges, *piños,* and fruits I did not know. Yards of fringed, juicy skins floated on the air.

Crossing the Prado I entered a narrow, dark street—*Calle Obispo*—lined with old buildings which once had been painted pink, blue, violet. The tropic sun—and the rain—had sucked out the color, and now it floated above the surface, faded but exquisite, a dim, loving halo of remembrance.

Down *Calle Obispo* I went in search of a fascinating shop—*Modernas Poesias.* Here the prose and verse of the Spanish language and Portuguese races can be bought. And what a range of geography the writers covered! Here was a Portuguese singer from an old, forgotten city of fifteenth century Portuguese conquest, in India—Goa; poets from lonely tropic islands; isolated and therefore seldom mentioned Central American states; from Mexico; from Yucatan; and from the fabulous, rich new republic of *America do Sul*—beneath the Southern Cross; new poets from old Spain, Portugal; a collection stimulating in variety, novelty and genius.

A little farther down *Calle Obispo* was a restaurant where food is not just food, but something approaching the proud creativeness of art. I had a fleeting memory of dining here one yellow evening; of fish sauces upon which yellow oil floated like topaz globules; wines that would encarnadine a pallid

soul; delicious things from the deep sea, crisp, savory.

I turned to the left and stepped out of Spain and into China. What a musty, dim, forgotten little shop was this! A woman—young and lovely—came to meet me. My first impression was that she was the thinnest person I ever saw walking. She possessed the fragility, the tenuity of a phantom. She wore black silk trousers, a black silk shirt trimmed in emerald-green, a string of carved, sandal-wood beads, and long sandal-wood pins held her hair. Surely this was a spirit. The smile conveyed the same suggestion of spirituality, of someone freed from the trammels, from the worry of the world. Charmingly she spoke, in a queer pigeon-toed Spanish, in which we were able to converse.

Morning after morning I wandered down here, coming along the same streets, filled with the vivid, tempestuous, talkative, impressionable life of Latin peoples in the tropics. The faces of those of the pure blood of old Spain were slightly tragic, haughty. They were like the white, pointed, ever burning candles of their faith. The Cuban-Spanish face was different; it was that of fat, easy-going sensualists.

Sometimes I saw a white man, blond and young, bidding his colored mistress good-by, saw it through the barrier of a noble door of wrought Spanish iron. I knew that here the black race was storming most persistently and effectively the ancient barriers which the white race had erected centuries before. When I met black women, slim and straight as young palms, walking bare of head, defiantly, under the sun, I knew that it is to them—eventually—that the islands must belong.

They are a kingly race without a king—these Spaniards of the tropics. They love flowers, the fine phrase, the emphatic gesture, the sweeping bow. They love color, laces, jewels and the flicker of fans. I saw faces whose aristocratic ancestors Velasquez must have painted. In their eyes I saw the soul of an ancient race and its unconquered, sleepless memories. And everywhere about me, along the narrow streets were roses, piled upon the corners, a *fiesta* of the senses and of summer.

Now every morning she was waiting for me, the little Chinese woman, who wore black and emerald-green and pale sandal-wood yellow. She was lonely. I was lonely, too. About us both was the same sweet unassimilable, enveloping strangeness. Customers were infrequent. Now she took me familiarly into the *patio,* with its architecture of a forgotten and abandoned Moorish garden. She usually walked ahead of me into the *patio* and I saw her small, exotic figure outlined against a great plastered wall beyond, a bare, tinted wall such as Goya painted. Spanish architects have understood better than any other the eloquence of plain spaces.

The monotony of the *patio* was interrupted here and there by doors of Moorish curve. Above the doors, around the oblong space was a black grill-work of iron. It is evident that no one has known so well how to pierce plain spaces effectively as the Moor with curve at top of his door and the Chinaman with his circle.

In the *patio* were a few rubber plants of prodigiously elongated leaves, one lonely poinsetta that looked like a drop of blood, whose long petals drooped

wearily, and an ill-fed monkey, in whose disconcerting eyes was the sad memory of something that had escaped which he was futilely attempting to gather again.

We sat facing each other on stiff, narrow, straight-backed, uncomfortable chairs. I gained again the fleeting impression that to her nothing mattered, because she was only a spirit. The joyous smile was still in her eyes—the smile of indestructible happiness.

One day while we sat here her husband came. He was fat, sleek, shiny, and whiter than she. He wore the clothes of Europe together with a gay, plaid vest, and a little round hat, far too small for his head. He was slightly ridiculous. She was of old China. He was of today. He seemed good natured enough. He spoke to her in Chinese and went away. I think he could speak little Spanish.

Your husband?

No!

No?

My lover. I ran away....not with him, but with one or two others....I can not remember how many now.... before him....

Why do you not remember them?

Why should I? What difference do they make?

She had *jiu-jiutsued* me mentally. I had nothing to say.

In her lap was embroidery, bright colors on black. She seldom took a stitch, however. The embroidery, undone, was of the present, and she of a time incalculably remote.

In China—long ago....

She was speaking, and yet it seemed as if it were the weary, listless poinsetta that was speaking. With her, conversation meant something of a monologue.

*In China....*I was a noble woman. I lived in the country. All around were mountains—vague—blue..I lived in a palace centuries old—by the side of a lake—a mountain lake. The water was clear, sweet. It did not taste of the sea; it reflected the sky, the clouds—and sometimes pink peonies in the garden. Some rooms were the way they were in the old days, walled and roofed in pale gold, on which figures were painted. *Like this!*

She went within and brought out a glove box of gold lacquer in which a long, ivory handled knife was kept. She held the glove box in her hands a long time again, and I saw that her eyes were turned inward upon something she saw in the past.

When the doors and windows were open, the gold rooms were reflected in the lake—or at night, when red lanterns were swinging.

Memory and emotion seemed now to have annihilated her quaint, pigeon-toed Spanish, and she went on in monosyllables, which I was obliged to string together myself, like beads on a thread.

I had a sweetheart. He was poor. I was rich. My parents would never consent to him. For a long time I did not know what to do—so sad I was—so confused. Then I prayed; the next day I made an offering. My religion told me. An artist came. In the faded, gold room that overlooked the lake, he painted on silk my portrait and that of my honorable mother. He painted them just the size of life, and straight fronting you. When these pictures were completed they were hung on opposite

sides of the same room where they could look in each other's eyes. Then a priest came and blessed them. He said that afterward my soul would always dwell there in the picture beside my honorable mother, and never grow old, nor die. Always we would be there together, happy and safe, in the old gold room of my ancestors.

Then I was free—joyous. No matter what I did, I could not sin. I could not die. I could not change nor grow old.

So I told my sweetheart I would run away, sell myself—to this rich merchant—to that rich merchant—anything to get away, and that he must follow and sometime he would be sure to find me. No matter upon what sea he set out, he would find me.

Some days later when I entered the Chinese shop, the master was there and he was angry. He was accusing her of taking money. He seemed to have proof that she had done so and that the sum was considerable. Evidently she did not care what he said. Her eyes still kept their happiness. After he left and we were sitting together in the courtyard, she asked in a tone of gladness:

Can you hear the wind?

What wind? I questioned, looking toward the motionless rubber plants.

Can you not hear it?

She smiled at me, and again I saw a spirit and not a woman.

The wind coming over the China Sea! A sampan is flying before it. In that sampan is my sweetheart—of long ago—

How do you know that? Have you had a letter, a message? I inquired awkwardly enough.

She shook her head.

Then how do you know?

She did not speak, but she looked at me with eyes which expressed pity and wonder. Suddenly I felt stupid—heavy.

The next day her husband remained during the visit. Almost nothing was spoken. If it were possible she was more fragile, more elusive. Sometimes she looked at him—her lover husband—long and intently, this fat, white, American dressed husband. In her eyes there was no expression; but still she looked at him, long, contemplatively. I wondered what it meant. I thought the look made him uncomfortable, but not angry. Who could be angry with a butterfly whose weight was intangible—a humming bird? Could one feel anger toward a phantom? I noticed today for the first time that her finger nails were gilded. And today the long, heavy leaves of the rubber plants danced in the wind. I thought of the China Sea.

As I watched her look at him, I remembered things that I had read of the unfathomable soul of the East, which can sink its emotions and its thinking processes so far beneath the surface that not the most skillful mind-reader can catch a hint of them. But he was restless. He, too, I remembered, was of that same ancient mysterious East. Why was he restless? Could he fear this frail, exquisite phantom, whose white shining teeth always laughed in the light, and whose small gilded fingers disentangled diligently the vari-tinted silks?

When I went away that day she uttered nothing important. Her face was impassive as usual. But she exclaimed—just as I crossed from the *patio* to the

shop—*The wind—how it lifts the leaves of the rubber plants!* Do you see?

I sensed dimly within her some tremendous emotion which I could neither gauge nor estimate. I felt suddenly again very dull—stupid. I felt like an awkward, green child of time, while she was of the ageless East.

The next morning, at dawn, with my coffee I unfolded *La Prensa,* and read that the Chinese merchant had been found murdered—his throat cut. Cleaned and placed lovingly between his folded hands, and in its gold lacquer case, was the ivory handled knife that had killed him. His wife—or the Chinese beauty who lived with him—had escaped by boat to a sampan anchored out at sea, where awaited her the sweetheart of her childhood. Not a vestige of her life with him remained; not an article of clothing, not a slipper, not even the embroidery silks. She had annihilated the past. It no longer existed. Perhaps for him, too, she had killed her other lovers. I knew now what she meant when she said:

See how the rubber leaves dance in the wind!

On that same wind was dancing a sampan—coming for her—over the China Sea.

. . . . . .

II. LA PERLA NEGRA

I saw her first in *El Teatro Nacional,* the splendid building which the Cubans erected in honor of their love of music and art, just as similarly luxurious buildings—equally sumptuous and satisfying to the eye—have been erected throughout the cities of South America.

It was in May and a night of grand opera. A new tenor of Mexican blood was going to try to initiate a lasting rivalry with Caruso, by his singing of the song of tears in "Pagliacci."

In that audience of beautiful women, whose jeweled *decolletage* was heightened by white shoulders that shone like satin, by the piled up splendor of curls that were blacker than ebony, I found her. She arose upon my field of vision slowly, almost imperceptibly, as a great slow-sailing ship swings into sight upon the disconcerting levels of the sea. Or better, perhaps, I did not really *see* her, as that phrase is commonly understood, but instead I *become aware* of her, in the same way as in an art gallery a piece of silent marble impresses itself upon the senses.

She sat a few seats in front of me, swathed in dull, white, dotted lace. On this night of heat she wore a high collar that reached in points behind her ears. She wore long sleeves of the same material, whose points partly covered her hands. For the rest the dress was old-fashioned—a basque, tightly gripped at the waist, and a long draped skirt, flowing into a train; in fact the sort of dress that the great portrait painters of France were painting in 1860. Not a jewel, not a flower did she wear, and on this night of heat she did not use a fan. But what astonishing splendor of line! She represented *form* such as Fantin Latour loved.

A round, superbly poised head, whose short, waving hair was hidden in order

not to cloud the outline. And she possessed the motionlessness, the nerveless repose of an animal.

In the intermission, when the audience arose—in friendly Spanish fashion—to go below to the club room for an ice, I saw her face. She was a pale, grey negress, with the faultless body of an Attic marble, and eyes in which there was no mind, no soul, eyes that were the misty, mellow green of absinthe. And these astonishing eyes were framed in lashes that made me think of black palm-plumes, when the pulse of the sea shakes them.

Her companion was as unusual as herself; an old, old man—a white man—well over seventy, and not a Spaniard. He was tall, faultlessly attired, evidently a great gentleman, upon whom the salon life of a polished people had set its seal. The only thing a trifle bizarre, perhaps, was the matched emeralds of extraordinary size that fastened his shirt.

During the first part of the opera I did not see her speak, nor pay the slightest attention to what he said to her. Down below in the club room where the gay world was enjoying wines and ices, she was equally silent and impassive. Even when distinguished friends of the old man gathered about them, not once did I see her speak. She merely looked with eyes limpid and green, green as degenerate emeralds are green, or seawater in the cold north. But she was by far the most distinguished figure in this elegant and aristocratic assembly. She represented majesty of line, and the insolence of indolent youth.

Some nights later, in the crowded midnight parade upon the Prado, where all the races of the islands of the earth are mingled, under the languorous, yellow moon that hangs over seas, I saw them again. The old gentleman was making a pitiful attempt to hold himself erect, with the proud, easy exactness of youth. Beside him she walked—*La Perla Negra*—supple and sullen, walked like a panther. Tonight she wore grey lace the hue of her skin, and about her neck, ropes of pale green jade.

I wondered what she thought, what she busied herself with in her mind, she who not only never spoke, but who seemed not even to listen. Forgetful of proud Spanish etiquette, I addressed my nearest neighbor.

Do you know who they are—that man and woman?

Why yes—of course! He is Monsieur X—, mentioning the name of a painter of Europe to whom the world had accorded honors for his art. The woman is a negress. He worships her for her beauty. He says that in the old days of his youth—in Paris—he created art. Now he is doing something different. He is living it. He spends his time in designing clothes for her. He dresses and redresses her like a doll. Day-long he feasts his eyes upon her, this living statue of grey marble. They live in that faded violet-tinted palace—in the great garden—not far from the Malecon.

Then this trembling old man was a modern Paris, still going on, on the ancient quest—Beauty. For it he had left home, country, fame, companionship, in his old age. What an artist was he who could feast upon it as upon a miraculous food, and live.

But what was all this to her? Was she happy? Was she contented? Had

she any interests, any pleasures, any personality? Did she ever think? And if she did, of what? The great genius, the incredibly sensitive artist who lived beside her, what was he to her? Within her was there anything superior to the instinct for trickery of the savage?

In the early morning, when I drove out to that surprising curve of blue water, which is called the Malecon, I passed their faded palace. She was walking in the garden and she wore apple-green and black. A figure in white linen was on the veranda. What subtlety of poetry, what penciled persistence of art was it, that made him dress her in coarse tinted laces, gauzes, and never in satin nor silk? And what harmonies he achieved in these gowns he so busily planned! I drove on and forgot them, in looking at the old buildings that border the white, curving Malecon, buildings which, when superimposed by distance, recalled to me vaguely Turner's "Palace of the Caesars."

The next morning I drove to a beach outside the city, while yet the hour was early, and the tropic sun was kindly and not bitter. When I reached the beach and the blue blaze of ocean, I saw another car. The old artist, immaculate in white linen, was lounging in his limousine, while *La Perla Negra*, in a bathing suit of dull surfaced white silk, was in the water. Upon the wet, moulded silk the blue sea sent its shivers. She was a statue of the dead, antique world come back to life. Her body, however, was not that of the Greeks and Romans. Its racial heritage was different, but it was of a fineness equally great. The astonishing grey-whiteness of her skin was one that might not belong to a Caucasion race. By blending and interbreeding it had come up for slow generations from ancestors scattered among all the islands of these blue, disconcerting, magic seas.

I watched her swim far out, out where sailing vessels were, which black, greasy negroes were loading. Sometimes their boat-songs the wind swept over to our ears. Their huge brutal, semi-naked bodies were within eye-shot —and their gestures. At length he called to her to come back, somewhat impatiently it seemed, explaining that the sun was getting high, and that it was time to go within. As she stepped out of the water to walk toward the limousine, and came straight toward us, I saw a change in her. The usually dull, cold eyes were blazing like the burnished levels of the sea. She moved with a great vigor, a great joy, as if in the depths of her soul, the fire of the morning burned. A waiting maid wrapped her hastily in a white robe of rough wool. As they started to drive away, she looked back again, toward the sea, threw her head back with a savage gesture as of freeing herself from something, and for the first time, I saw her laugh. Her laugh was unpleasant. It was cruel and wild.

Some weeks later I saw the old artist promenading alone at night upon the Prado. Again my curiosity got the better of me.

Why is he alone? I asked. What has become of *La Perla Negra?*

Haven't you heard?

No. How could I?

It was in the paper.

What paper?

La Prensa.

I did not see it, I admitted regretfully.

She ran away with a black negro boatman—a regular Senegambian—to Haiti, the black man's paradise. She did not take any of her beautiful and expensive clothes. She was tired of them. She left them all. She went away bare footed, in a long, white cotton shirt, just such as island negresses wear.

He was inconsolable for a while. Now he is picking up and declares that he is going to create again—paint again—become again the great artist that he was. He says, you can not live art and create art at the same time. He ought to know. He has given it a trial.

She had gone back to the wild undisciplined life of her race. She must have different things. She must have the heated dance under the stars—at night—and the fight that followed. She must feel hunger, discomfort and weariness. She must feel upon her faultless, grey-marble shoulders, the overseer's lash. She must burn up her youth, her beauty in a frenzy of feverish life; in toil, in the brittle dawn, by the edge of the cane fields. She must have the fierce things of her blood.

Not yet was the white man's life, with its weakening trivialities, for her.

She had escaped from that consuming disease which we call *civilization*.

Morituri Agonisti

By JESSE HUGO FELDMAN

Peaked drawn face, quivering lips, and dark scornful eyes
Crying silently with barbed broken cries:
A lost crane
Wheeling, returning, falling, blinded with pain,
Circling over a slate sea through a slow wet
Drizzle. You eddy forever in the damp mists of my brain.

—You, too, I pray, sometime, I shall forget.

A. E. Housman, Last of the Romans

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

I HEARD not long since a rumor that A. E. Housman was intending to publish another book of verse, and I can not compliment him more than by hoping it is not so. Every time suffices for the matter that is born in it, and "A Shropshire Lad" was born in the eighteen-nineties. It is the perfect gesture which the literary dandies failed to achieve. One can not forget that Max Beerbohm, outmoded and publishing his collected works at twenty-four, has gone on producing, and in a world where even Max is corruptible and the publisher is (according to Ford Maddox Hueffer) a kind of Pandarus to the muses, where is faith to cling, if not around the single-pillared Stylites? To build that pillar into a portico would convert an Old Believer to atheism. It would be as though, having been Petronius, one should suddenly become Patti.

For "A Shropshire Lad" is as enigmatic as the Sibyl, except that she had three books at the end, and Housman only one. Having uttered his "Time is —Time was—Time shall be," he shatters into silence. The disdain of the thing is superb. Here is the ironic reticence, the perfect classic style. Here, too, is all that is worth salvaging of the Roman lyricists, and most of the Roman manner.

While college professors continue to match phrases among authors, as if literary indebtedness were a kind of card game, the free spirit of art passes by them at their muck-raking. In Housman Marcus Aurelius fuses into the Latin elegies. The sob of

> By brooks too broad for leaping
> The lightfoot lads are laid;
> The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
> In fields where roses fade,

is the sob (and satire) of Persius:

> nunc non cinis ille poetae
> felix? non levior cippus nunc imprimit ossa?
> laudant convivae: nunc non e manibus illis
> nunc non e tumulo fortunataque favilla
> nascentur violae;

just as

> What, lad, drooping with your lot?
> I too would be where I am not.
> I too survey that endless line
> Of men whose thoughts were not as mine.
> * * * * * * * * *
> Courage, lad, 'tis not for long;
> Stand, quit you like a stone, be strong

is Marcus Aurelius set to a marching song:

> Thou hast taken ship, thou hast sailed, thou art come to land, go out—if to another life, there also shalt thou find gods, who are everywhere.

Housman, however, is nearer Propertius than he is to Persius:

> tum grave servitium nostrae cogere puellae
> discere et exclusum quid sit abire domum.
>
> sed ne forte tuo careat mihi funus amore,
> hic timor est ipsis durior exsequiis.
> non adeo leviter noster puer haesit ocellis,
> ut meus oblito pulvis amore vacet.
>
> quae tu viva mea possis sentire favilla!
> tum mihi non ullo mors sit amara loco.

Translate into modern English this grave and melancholy sensitiveness to the victory of the grave. What does it become if not this elegy out of Shropshire?

> On your midnight pallet lying,
> Listen, and undo the door:
> Lads that waste the light in sighing
> In the dark should sigh no more;
> Night should ease a lover's sorrow;
> Therefore, since I go to-morrow,
> Pity me before.

In the land to which I travel,
The far dwelling let me say—
Once, if here the couch is gravel,
In a kinder bed I lay,
And the breast the darnel smothers
Rested once upon another's
When it was not clay.

It is possible that the eighteen-nineties represent the last renaissance. All that has happened in the world of classical scholarship since has been vulgarly commercial or blatantly anthropological. And yet, even in the nineties, there were few who caught the classic flavor. Most of the neo-Hellenes wrote like Swinburne, and some of them wrote like Frenchmen. Few could wear their Apuleius with a difference. Wilde's Hellenism is uneasy and ostentatious as though he were still at the university. Dowson preferred feminine Latin, as in those sentences like sighs which he inscribed over his poems. Bridges, then and since, excavates like an archaeologist. And John Davidson's eclogues are as British as Britannus in Shaw's play. Housman alone catches the grave manliness which is occasionally the merit of Latin literature, and often its only one.

When I watch the living meet
And the moving pageant file
Warm and breathing through the street
Where I lodge a little while.

If the heats of hate and lust
In the house of flesh are strong,
Let me mind the house of dust,
Where my sojourn shall be long.

In the nation that is not
Nothing stands that stood before;
There revenges are forgot
And the hater hates no more;

Lovers lying two and two
Ask not whom they sleep beside,
And the bridegroom all night through
Never turns him to the bride.

One has only to compare this singing of death with Henley to learn how a true Anglo-Saxon differs from Housman—with what a Berserker fighting rage he dies and what an ethical problem he makes of it. When Housman's lad dies, he is—dead.

The nettle nods, the wind blows over,
The man, he does not move.

And yet, if Housman is the only inheritor of the Roman manner, it is because he is from Shropshire. For that is what the renaissance means, the marriage of the daughters of the classics to the sons of the soil; and it is precisely because Housman is autochthonous (like Macbeth) that he is classic (like Julius Caesar). Take such a poem as the following. It reads like an old English air such as the Fuller sisters sang, and has indeed the structure of "My Man John," except that it is compact and economical, which is to say, Roman:

Oh see how thick the goldcup flowers
Are lying in field and lane,
With dandelions to tell the hours
That never are told again.
Oh may I squire you round the meads
And pick you posies gay?
—'Twill do no harm to take my arm.
"You may, young man, you may."

There are other questions and answers until we read:

How green the grass is all about!
We may as well sit down.
—Ah, life, what is it but a flower?
Why must true lovers sigh?
Be kind, have pity, my own, my pretty—
"Good-bye, young man, good-bye."

This is like Masefield or like Kipling.

For "A Shropshire Lad" is at the fountain-head of the contemporary movement in poetry, a fact the more mysterious because forty-three poems do not usually contain so compact a summary of a whole school. Here is a man's entire product, not fragmentary but sufficient; the author is not dead but, for aught I know, still editing Manilius; and it can not be said of this poet,

as it is said of Gray, that he never spoke out. The force, not the length, of a speech marks the orator, and the two-score odd poems of Housman are as complete a revelation of personality as the forty volumes of Carlyle. In fine, the full mystery of "A Shropshire Lad" is that by revealing so little it reveals so much.

This is because the most impersonal artist is not infrequently the most autobiographical precisely because, as Howe writes of Galsworthy, he over-emphasizes his under-emphasis. Little men whine. Wilde leaves as his legacy "De Profundis," a last pose, an exploitation of the aesthetic possibilities of the penitent sackcloth thrown negligently over the convict's garb. Shakespeare leaves as a legacy his "second-best bed"—"Good God, that house in Stratford," as Robinson (whom Housman anticipates) not improperly exclaims. And since reticence is the last and greatest achievement of the revelatory ego, "A Shropshire Lad" is solid and full and confessional as the sonnets are confessional, as "Don Juan" (that profoundly disinterested poem) is confessional, as "The Dynasts" is confessional.

People are always mistaking the cheap and facile ability to talk about one's mistresses in public for frankness, but it is even more daring to gossip publicly about one's God. This requires a special kind o f what is literally enthusiasm. The prophet then becomes too swift and excited to remember that he is a prophet, and we can watch him while he is not conscious of having on his singing robes. Housman is such a poet. He retail s scandalous gossip about death. He speaks out dirty and delightful small talk implicating time in the most dreadful scandals. He hás a low opinion of the arrangement of things, and thinks on the whole that the trollop love is no better than she should be.

In Housman the prophet is filled with holy delight because there is nothing to prophesy. Man does not matter to the universe. Therefore the poet proves, by obliterating himself from the picture and thus calling attention to his conspicuous absence, that man matters most of all.

Be still, be still, my soul, it is but for a season;
Let us endure an hour and see injustice done.
Ay, look: high heaven and earth all from the prime foundation;
All thoughts to rive the heart are here, and all are vain:
Horror and scorn and hate and fear and indignation —
Oh why did I awake, when shall I sleep again?

This reads like stoicism, but it is not. Housman is perhaps the last of the pagans, but the last of the pagans (as Ibsen and George Gissing show us) watered their paganism with anti-Christianity.

It is instructive to compare Housman with Thomas Hardy. In Hardy God is exhibited like a rare animal in a menagerie, or as if a profoundly disillusioned cosmopolitan were explaining the tricks of a professional conjurer to the countryside at large in the interests of education. He shows us just how the President of the Immortals loads his dice, and how only a terrific fool like Jude or a terrific hero like the mayor of Casterbridge will contend with the Ancient Card Sharp. In Housman there is not even a game, there is only darkness:

Oh never fear, man, nought's to dread,
Look not left nor right:
In all the endless road you tread,
There's nothing but the night.

Villiers de l'Isle Adam went on his knees before this darkness, but the Shropshire Lad snaps his fingers at the eternal midnight and drinks beer:

Ale does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.

This is cosmic impudence. God has been crowded out because the night is not big enough for both the Almighty and that interesting tippler, Terence.

Mr. Harold Williams remarks that "Mr Housman's reflective melancholy, his faithlessness in the immortalities, has no sentimentality or morbid pettiness." This is a good deal like remarking that Browning's faith in humanity, in the immortality of love, does not have quite the same general air as the novels of Gene Stratton Porter. This is (on a higher plane) to confuse "A Shropshire Lad" with "The City of Dreadful Night." It is the difference between "end it when you will" and

If your hand or foot offend you,
Cut it off, lad, and be whole;
But play the man, stand up and end you,
When your sickness is your soul.

To know that there is reflective melancholy, to remember that there are immortalities to be faithless to, is to fall into the pit digged for the sentimentalist. No man, it is notorious, ever boasted of being an atheist except from the fear of God. And Housman, who entirely omits to mention the Deity (except colloquially) in a book that looks deeply into life and death, does not even trouble to assume that there are immortalities to disbelieve in. It cannot be said that he has (like James Thompson) a systematic philosophy. It cannot be said that (like Emerson) he lacks a systematic philosophy. He is merely so interested in discovering today that he does not heartily discuss the metaphysics of the dubious tomorrow.

Say, lad, have you things to do?
Quick, then, while your day's at prime,
Quick, and if 'tis work for two,
Here am I, man; now's your time.

It is sufficient irony that most Americans will translate this into the strenuous life of the late Theodore Roosevelt. But is not Housman's attitude the modern attitude?

And Housman anticipates as much. Take, for example, the poetry of militarism. In poetry imperialism is taken to mean Kipling, so that one thinks instinctively of the "Recessional," and the white man's burden, and phrases ironically bandied about in the historical textbooks. The change to modern war poetry comes through Housman. For, while the irony with which the historians treat imperialism is justified, it is also misdirected. Thus we read that imperialism endures because it offers opportunity for the exploitation of backward peoples, a phrase almost as resonant as anything in Kipling, so that it is not until one has thought a bit that one sees how false it is, and how, like many other fine phases in the textbooks, it seems to have been uttered by that strange invention, the economic man—who, the economists will hastily and wrongly assure you, is exploded. But men do not patiently die for the economic exploitation of backward peoples. They die, not for living capitalists but for dead soldiers, because it is the habit of humanity to die that way. Tommy Atkins alive is doubtless very

impressive, but the reason why he no longer looms large on the poetic horizon is because of the superior impressiveness of Tommy Atkins dead. This is what Kipling has never seen, but what Housman has seen and—curiously enough—Wilde, whose "Ave Imperatrix" is a much more disturbing document than the economic textbooks. Housman, in two stanzas, confounds (or ought to confound) a good many of the economists, merely by talking about the Shropshire soldiers:

To skies that knit their heartstrings right,
To fields that bred them brave,
The saviours come not home to-night;
Themselves they could not save.

It dawns in Asia, tombstones show
And Shropshire names are read;
And the Nile spills his overflow
Beside the Severn's dead.

The profound truth of these stanzas is the profound truth of Rupert Brooke's war sonnets, and one reason why the war sonnets are not like Kipling is because Housman has intervened. When one reads that the sun never sets on the British flag he is mildly interested, just as he would be if he were told that the pores of the human body, laid end to end, would extend from New York City to Parsons, Kansas. But when one reads:

If I should die, think only this of me,
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England,

he realizes with a thrill the secret of the British empire. Housman discovered it, not Kipling.

As he anticipates Brooke, so he looks forward to Masefield and Gibson. What are the distinguishing characteristics of Masefield's poems of English life if they are not the ache that beauty dies, and the ache that the world is old? Tennyson writes that English homes are "haunts of ancient peace." We shall yet go back to Tennyson, and in the meantime the discovery of the profound antiquity of the British islands is just beginning to be made. Great Britain has gone on so long, it must surely go on forever. Such a conception of any land places patriotism among the eternal things like death and love and beauty. That is why Tennyson infuriates so many young and sprightly American poets, because, when he writes of

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,

he means literally that the doves moan and that the elms are immemorial; and the revenge of Young America is to produce "Smoke and Steel" and the poems of Vachel Lindsay.

Now this sense of the antiquity of the land is in Hardy, it is in Galsworthy, it is in Masefield, and it is, first of all in poetry at least, in Housman. So, when Masefield writes "August, 1914," he has been anticipated in Shropshire:

'Twould blow like this through holt and hanger
When Uricon the city stood:
'Tis the old wind in the old anger,
But then it threshed another wood.

Then, 'twas before my time, the Roman
At yonder heaving hill would stare:
The blood that warms an English yeoman,
The thoughts that hurt him, they were there.

There, like the wind through woods in riot,
Through him the gale of life blew high;
The tree of man was never quiet:
Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I.

The gale, it plies the saplings double,
It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone:
To-day the Roman and his trouble
Are ashes under Uricon.

Moreover, the rural tragedies of Masefield (unlike the rural tragedies of Crabbe) gain pathos because they spring from this timeless soil, and have been

told so many times before. Housman tells them in ballad form, that is all; it is the same story, the same England, the same lover, as in "The Daffodil Fields." Or Housman merely inverts the drama of Saul Kane's plowing:

When smoke stood up from Ludlow
And mist blew off from Teme,
And blithe afield to ploughing
Against the morning beam
I strode beside my team,

The blackbird in the coppice
Looked out to see me stride,
And hearkened as I whistled
The trampling team beside,
And fluted and replied:

"Lie down, lie down, young yoeman;
What use to rise and rise?
Rise man a thousand mornings
Yet down at last he lies,
And then the man is wise."

I heard the tune he sang me,
And spied his yellow bill;
I picked a stone and aimed it
And threw it with a will:
Then the bird was still.

Then my soul within me
Took up the blackbird's strain,
And still beside the horses
Along the dewy lane
It sang the song again:

"Lie down, lie down, young yoeman;
The sun moves always west;
The road one treads to labour
Will lead one home to rest,
And that will be the best."

Saul Kane meets Christ. The Shropshire lad meets anti-Christ.

And one could go on. The gallows in "A Widow in the Bye-Street" was already erected in the ninth of the Shropshire poems, and the love story in the daffodil fields is told, in substance, in the eighth. The evanescent and spiritual poignancy of Masefield's reaction to beauty ever passing away, passing away, is, with respect to Housman, as though one musician should amplify a theme by another.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

This is the theme. Masefield is the amplification.

But there is so much in these compact lyrics that by claiming too much one may end by securing recognition for too little. Why, indeed, does "A Shropshire Lad" endure except that it transcends Roman elegiac worthies and British folk songs, and passes by its flawless and passionless perfection into that serene abode where the eternal are? Irony is the modern note in art, as faith (or scepticism, which is but faith reversed) is the note of the middle ages. Therefore it is that Housman is as modern as Sophocles and as ancient as Thomas Hardy. We are agreed nowadays that life is fundamentally irrational; some, like Wells, are frantically engaged in re-arranging it, and some, like Galsworthy are profoundly engaged in suffering it. But in the grave melancholy, the stoic and reticent poetry of this volume, is a deeper and more permanent philosophy, the philosophy that has passed beyond abnegation and beyond rebellion into a bracing and military endurance. The best thing is, as Sophocles wrote, not to have been born at all, but being born, what nobler manner of living is there than this?

Right you guessed the rising morrow
And scorned to tread the mire you must:
Dust's your wages, son of sorrow,
But men may come to worse than dust.

A Creole Courtship

By JAMES J. McLOUGHLIN

JACK met the beautiful Mélanie at a "soirée dansante" in Rue Bons Enfants. Being an excellent dancer, he was her partner for many figures. By a judicious use of ice cream and cake he gained the good graces of Mélanie's Mamá and was formally invited to call, which he did the next Sunday. Being so well treated he called the following Sunday and was so cordially received that he repeated his visit a third time.

On the last occasion, Mélanie's Papá appeared upon the scene, tapped Jack upon the shoulder and said, "M'sieu' Lafaiance, I would lik' fo' see you one minute" and led him into the dining room. Once there, the old gentleman produced a decanter. "Mon ami, tek som' cognac, yo' will fin' that ver' fine, ma fodder buy h'it from Cavaroc; tek cigar—tha's a real Havana, sua'. Eh bien, m'sieu' Lafaiance, yo' like' fo' know fo' w'at I want see yo'? I have notice yo' attention at ma daughte'!"—here Jack protested—"Oh, I am not at all displease, ma de' yo'ng man. Ma fam'ly seh, is one of the best in the city. Yes, seh, we are twenty-firs' cousin wit Jean Baptiste Saint Louis de Lorme, whose gran' fodder slap that Spanish canaille O'Reilly on the chick, yes, as yo' will fin' writ down by Gayarre. Bot, ma fren', w'en those yankee r-rascal come yeh and tek ou' plantation an' ou' niggro, seh, we was force to leave ou' place an' come to Nouvelle Orleans an' work, yes, an' work. So, ma de' fren', I am not at all displease we'n a yo'ng man lik' yo' mek love to ma daughte'." Jack broke in and said, "But, sir, you are mistaken, I didn't make love to your daughter."

"Yo' din mek love to ma daughte'? Yo' have visit Mélanie Sonday after Sonday, yo' have dance wit' her, sing wit' her, talk wit' her—yo' have compromise ma daughte', seh! They is no otheh co'se lef' a man of honor, seh, than to ma'y her, yes seh, to ma'y her." "But, sir," blurted out Jack, "I could not marry a wife even if I wanted one, I am only getting forty dollars a month and could not support her." 'Ah, mon cher Jack, tha's all right—the monnaie is not'ing. Yo' don' catch much, tha's true, bot fo' that, I don' keh, me. Yo' can come live yeh, yes, then after w'ile, w'en yo' patron get fo' lik' yo' mo', geev yo' r-raise to seventy fi' dollar, we will do ver' well, yes. So tha's all fix, eh? Ah, mon cher Jack, yo' don' know w'at it is to be a fodder, I soppose? Eh? Then, yo' can nevair on'stan' 'ow pleas' I feel w'en a yo'ng man li' yo' h'ask me fo' ma daughte'! Yes, seh, yo' are the h'only yo'ng man wa't I would ratheh have ma daughte' than mos' anybody w'atevah, seh. An' yo' din tek me by sopprise, no. A fodder can tell w'en his daugte' she love a yo'ng man, an Mélanie, she love yo', she dream of yo' all night, yes. An', seh, w'en a Saint Louis de Lorme love,

she like the pelican, she nevair let go, no seh, she die firs'. Now tha's all right? I will see Pere le Curé an' we will mek the announcement nex' Sonday. Yo' can get one li'l ring, yes, an' Mélanie will be ready fo' nex' mont'—I know yo' don' want fo' wait long.

"Allons, le's go to the salon an' I will tell to Mélanie, I have accede to yo' demand."

Grist

By IVAN T. DOWELL

Love upsets a man; marriage stands him on his head; divorce shakes him down.

As a child he loved to set off rockets at the moon. When he grew up he loved to read poems to a beautiful girl.

The trouble is not that people fall in love, but that they usually dive in where it is so awfully shallow.

It is better to remain single and possess many dreams than to marry a vision and sleep by yourself.

Think twice before falling in love with a married woman; her husband might die.

A rash marriage is only skin deep.

While I Talked

By OSCAR WILLIAMS

Across your face glimmered my words
Like shadows of low flying birds,—

Until I was struck dumb to see
How strangely looking out on me

A silence waited in your eyes,
Patient and sorrowful and wise....

Affairs of Catherine

NO. 3. PRINCE PATIOMKIN

(A Play in One Act)

By LOUIS GILMORE

CHARACTERS:
ZAVADOFSKY
MARSHAL RUMIANZOF
THE EMPRESS CATHERINE
PRINCE PATIOMKIN
A LACKEY

A salon in the special suite of rooms communicating with the Empress' private apartments by an inner staircase. In the center of the room, a large sofa. The door on the left leads to a corridor; that on the right, to the staircase. In the center, at back, a door to the dressing room. Near this door, a cheval mirror and a writing table.

The period is 1776.

At the rise of the curtain, Zavadofsky, young, vigorous, and well-built, is standing in front of the mirror adjusting the details of his uniform. The uniform—that of General, Aide de Camp to the Empress—is entirely new; in fact, Zavadofsky has it on for the first time. He is still engaged with his uniform, when the door to the corridor is opened and Field-Marshal Rumianzof comes in. A man of about forty, in uniform, very distinguished.

RUMIANZOF

(*Heartily.*) Good morning, General!

ZAVADOFSKY

(*Turning and going to meet him, cordially and a trifle embarrassed.*) My dear Marshal, I beg of you....

RUMIANZOF

Why, my dear Zavadofsky?

ZAVADOFSKY

You aren't making game of me?

RUMIANZOF

(*Surprised.*) Making game of you!

ZAVADOFSKY

Calling me General.

RUMIANZOF

Why, my dear Zavadofsky—You *are* General, Aide de Camp to the Empress!

ZAVADOFSKY

Yes. But all the same....

RUMIANZOF

You must become accustomed to the title!

ZAVADOFSKY

I'll try. To say nothing of the uniform!

RUMIANZOF

My dear Zavadofsky, my dear young friend....before you had the honor to please her Imperial Majesty, you were my secretary. As secretary to Field-Marshal Rumianzof—I speak without vanity—you have had every opportunity to observe how a General conducts himself.

ZAVADOFSKY

True.

RUMIANZOF

All that is required of her Majesty's Aide de Camp is that he look like a General!

Apply to the Author, care The Double Dealer, for Permission to Act.

ZAVADOFSKY

I'll do my best.

RUMIANZOF

(*In the tone of one giving orders.*) Chest up! Shoulders back!

(*As Zavadofsky obeys.*) There! That's better! (*Sits on sofa.*) The uniform is very becoming.

ZAVADOFSKY

Do you think so?

RUMIANZOF

Yes. Her Imperial Majesty I am sure will agree with me.

ZAVADOFSKY

I hope so.

RUMIANZOF

(*Anxiously.*) You have had no difficulty so far, have you?

ZAVADOFSKY

Pleasing her Majesty? No.

RUMIANZOF

(*Relieved.*) A fine-looking young fellow like you should not. You will shine if only by comparison. When you consider that for the last two years these apartments have been occupied by a disgusting pig!

ZAVADOFSKY

Prince Patiomkin!

RUMIANZOF

A fellow with only one eye in his head!

ZAVADOFSKY

To think of a man like that pleasing a woman.

RUMIANZOF

And such a woman as the Empress! Why, I have seen this Prince, this Field-Marshal, this Commander in Chief, appear before her Imperial Majesty, when consulting on state affairs, with bare legs, loose gown and uncombed hair!

ZAVADOFSKY

In his dressing-gown?

RUMIANZOF

Yes. Drunk as a pig!

ZAVADOFSKY

Her Majesty did not resent it?

RUMIANZOF

Resent it? What woman would not! But whenever her Imperial Majesty has quarreled with him, it has cost her more in the end.

ZAVADOFSKY

Making up?

RUMIANZOF

Precisely. Why, within a year of his installation in the palace, her Imperial Majesty had quarreled with him so often, he had secured all of Orlof's former dignities, including a portrait of her Majesty set in diamonds—similar to the one Prince Orlof still wears.

ZAVADOFSKY

(*Complacently.*) Well, at any rate, it is all over with him now.

RUMIANZOF

With Prince Orlof?

ZAVADOFSKY

With Prince Patiomkin.

RUMIANZOF

Certainly, from all appearances....

ZAVADOFSKY

(*Importantly.*) Did I tell you?—her Majesty has given me an order on the Imperial treasury for a hundred thousand roubles!

RUMIANZOF

The usual amount. Merely a first payment.

ZAVADOFSKY

Besides, she told me herself, in a confidential moment....

RUMIANZOF

Last night?

ZAVADOFSKY

Yes. She has written to the Prince.

RUMIANZOF

Dismissing him?

ZAVADOFSKY

Intimating that a few years' travel in foreign countries will be of benefit to his health.

RUMIANZOF

The usual dismissal. He must set out immediately, without attempting to see her Imperial Majesty. It is the invariable custom.

ZAVADOFSKY

But is Prince Patiomkin a respecter of precedent?

RUMIANZOF

If he attempt to disobey, an Imperial messenger can stop him before he reaches Petersburg, as Gregori Orlof was stopped. You remember the incident? (*Zavadofsky nods.*) A journey of a thousand leagues, with stops only to change horses. All Russia rang with the fame of the exploit! But it was all in vain. Vassiltshikof was already installed in the palace as Aide de Camp! A mere second-lieutenant in the Horse Guards; but good-looking and extremely amiable. Who would have thought that he would last only a year? Or, for that matter, that Patiomkin, with only one eye in his head, thanks to Alexis Orlof .... (*He embraces Zavadofsky enthusiastically, kissing him on both cheeks.*) My dear Zavadofsky, my dear young friend, let me congratulate you again!

ZAVADOFSKY

Thanks.

RUMIANZOF

You are a very fortunate young man!

ZAVADOFSKY

(*Pleased.*) Yes, I dare say, there is more than one fellow wishes he were in my shoes.

RUMIANZOF

Boots! Not "shoes!" Remember you are no longer a civilian.

ZAVADOFSKY

I keep forgetting.

RUMIANZOF

There are a great many things you must remember, if you are to continue to please her Majesty. I have written a few of them down. (*Taking a bulky manuscript from his pocket.*) The best thing to do or say, in a given situation, I, of course, have left to your own discretion and the inspiration of the moment. (*Offering the manuscript.*)

ZAVADOFSKY

(*Taking it.*) Thanks. I shall commit your instructions to memory as soon as I can.

(*The Empress Catherine comes in from the staircase. She is forty-seven. She has grown stout, but is still handsome. Very simply dressed in a gown of violet silk; there are no jewels, no indication of supreme rank.*)

CATHERINE

(*Advancing and giving her hand to Zavadofsky to kiss.*) My dear Zavadofsky..Ach, the new uniform! Would you mind turning around? (*He describes a circle.*) Splendid! We are greatly pleased. (*Giving her hand to Marshal Rumianzof.*) And how is the Conqueror of the Turks this morning?

RUMIANZOF

(*Kissing her hand.*) Never better, your Imperial Majesty; although I have conquered no Turks this morning.

CATHERINE

My dear Rumianzof, you are like Alexander the Great—always sighing for new Turks to conquer. I shall have to pick a quarrel with another of my neighbors.

RUMIANZOF

When you do, I trust your Imperial Majesty will remember me. (*Bows, and withdraws.*)

CATHERINE

....(*Sitting on the sofa.*) Sit down (*Zavadofsky sits beside her.*) Have you and the Marshal been outlining a campaign?

ZAVADOFSKY

A campaign? No, your Majesty.

CATHERINE

(*Playfully.*) I see you have had your heads together. I hope he has not been telling you all my faults.

ZAVADOFSKY

Impossible.

CATHERINE

(*Surprised.*) What?

ZAVADOFSKY

Er....we were discussing your Majesty's virtues. The Marshal has had a great deal to say.

CATHERINE

(*Archly.*) And you?

ZAVADOFSKY

Not much. Er....he gave me no opportunity.

CATHERINE

(*Playfully.*) Well, I don't think it very nice of either of you to discuss a lady's virtues behind her back. (*Indicating the manuscript.*) What have you in your hand?

ZAVADOFSKY

(*Wishing he had concealed it.*) Er ....this?

CATHERINE

It appears to be a manuscript.

ZAVADOFSKY

I confess, I....

CATHERINE

You have composed verses in our honor?

ZAVADOFSKY

No, your Majesty....it is more likely prose. Er....

CATHERINE

Ach, we are not interested!

ZAVADOFSKY

(*Desperately.*) But, your Majesty, I have composed nothing—nothing at all. Not even in honor of your Majesty! Had I written of your Majesty at all... Had I written of your Majesty at all...

CATHERINE

Well?

ZAVADOFSKY

It would have been poetry!

CATHERINE

(*Smiling and placing a hand on his.*) Flatterer! I am glad you have a tongue in your head, General, as well as an agreeable mouth. You may kiss me. (*They kiss.*) I am convinced we shall suit each other perfectly.

ZAVADOFSKY

Er....your Majesty was good enough to say so last night.

CATHERINE

Did I? Yes, I dare say. (*Extending a hand for the manuscript.*) May I see it?

ZAVADOFSKY

(*Surrendering it.*) Certainly. Only I have not read it....

CATHERINE

Let us read it together. (*Opens it and reads.*) "Rules for the instruction of her Imperial Majesty's Aide de Camp." What a relief! I was afraid it was a billet-doux from one of my Maids of Honor.

ZAVADOFSKY

Your Majesty need never fear a rival. On the contrary, I am indebted to the Marshal for these instructions. I had intended to learn them all by heart.

CATHERINE

For fear that unwittingly you might displease me?

ZAVADOFSKY

Yes, your Majesty.

CATHERINE

What a darling!

(*The door to the dressing-room is flung open. A valet de chambre comes in breathlessly, closing the door behind him. Seeing the Empress, he stops short.*)

THE VALET DE CHAMBRE

Prince Patiomkin, your Majesty!

CATHERINE

(*Surprised.*) Where?

THE VALET DE CHAMBRE

Coming down the stairs, your Majesty, from the Imperial bed-room! Shall I lock the door?

CATHERINE

He would break down the door.

THE VALET DE CHAMBRE

Shall I call the Guard?

CATHERINE

No. He might kill the Guard!

THE VALET DE CHAMBRE

(*Helplessly.*) What am I to do, your Majesty?

CATHERINE

Nothing. You need not wait.

(*The Valet de Chambre disappears.*)

ZAVADOFSKY

(*Rising.*) But, your Imperial Majesty....

CATHERINE

(*Coolly.*) Well?

ZAVADOFSKY

You will receive him?

CATHERINE

Why not?

ZAVADOFSKY

Then, I had better go.

CATHERINE

No. Sit down. (*He obeys.*) We will resume our reading. Where was I?....

(*Prince Patiomkin comes in impetuously. He is tremendous and imposing. A fine figure of an ogre, extravagantly dressed. It is the left eye that is blind. In his buttonhole is the portrait of the Empress set in diamonds. His hat, covered with ostrich plumes, he carries in his hand.*)

PATIOMKIN

Sacred Majesty! Darling Little Mother! Where is that damned lackey? I was about to kick him downstairs, when he dodged and ran down ahead of me!

CATHERINE

(*Majestically.*) A strange way, Prince, in which to enter the Imperial presence!

PATIOMKIN

(*Approaching, with superb aplomb.*) How else was I to enter the Imperial presence at all, O adorable sovereign? The slave was in the way!

CATHERINE

(*Relaxing and giving him her hand.*) You were always lucky!

PATIOMKIN

Then, I may cover your Majesty's beautiful little hand with a thousand kisses? (*Starts kissing it, rapturously.*)

CATHERINE

(*Withdrawing it.*) Two are sufficient. You have received our letter?

PATIOMKIN

Madam, I have! That is why I am here—(*He throws himself at her feet.*) Here, at your Majesty's darling little feet! Say but the word that I may kiss these darling little feet a million times....

CATHERINE

(*Peremptorily.*) Get up.

PATIOMKIN

Look, your Majesty—I am covering these precious little feet with trillions of kisses!

CATHERINE

Get up, I say. You are ridiculous.

PATIOMKIN

Your Majesty is the most wonderful woman in the world!

CATHERINE

Will you get up; or shall I kick you?

PATIOMKIN

Never, your Majesty—never will I rise from so dangerous and delightful a position, though I die the most glorious of deaths! Unless....

CATHERINE

Well?

PATIOMKIN

Unless I may see the Little Mother alone.

CATHERINE

Alone!

PATIOMKIN

If only for a moment.

CATHERINE

(*Is silent for a moment; then, to Zavadofsky.*) My dear General, could I have left my snuff-box on your dressing table?

ZAVADOFSKY

It is possible, your Majesty.

CATHERINE

I think it is very likely. Would you mind?....

ZAVADOFSKY

(*Rising.*) Certainly not.

CATHERINE

Thanks. Should you find it, the valet can bring it in.

ZAVADOFSKY

(*Going.*) I understand, your Majesty!

CATHERINE

Good. (*Giving him the manuscript.*) You may study these instructions, until I send for you.

ZAVADOFSKY

I trust your Majesty will not be long sendng. (*Bows and goes.*)

PATIOMKIN

(*Scrambles to his feet and produces a snuff-box encrusted with diamonds.*) Permit me? My snuff-box is never without a supply of your Majesty's special snuff.

CATHERINE

(*Accepting a pinch, gratefully.*) My dear Patiomkin, you are invaluable.

PATIOMKIN

And it is this puppy your Majesty has seen fit to install in my rooms!

CATHERINE

Your rooms? My rooms!

PATIOMKIN

Everybody's rooms!

CATHERINE

(*Sharply*). Take care.

PATIOMKIN

Well, at any rate, this puppy!

CATHERINE

I will not have my Aide de Camp called a puppy.

PATIOMKIN

How else can a puppy be called?

CATHERINE

A very charming young man.

PATIOMKIN

And what is this very charming young man that I, Gregori Alexandrovitch Patiomkin, am not—except a puppy?

CATHERINE

(*Playfully.*) You are a big bow-wow.

PATIOMKIN

(*Delighted.*) Big bow-wows eat little puppies alive!

CATHERINE

Not when the mistress is present to protect them. If necessary, she will put a collar and chain on her bow-wow.

PATIOMKIN

A collar and chain, your Majesty?

CATHERINE

Yes.

PATIOMKIN

Studded with diamonds?

CATHERINE

No. Severely plain. But it will not be necessary. My bow-wow's bark is fiercer than his bite.

PATIOMKIN

(*Sinking to a seat on the sofa, pathetically.*) Madam, you are right. I am only a poor old dog, fit to bay the moon.

CATHERINE

(*Sympathetically.*) My poor Patiomkin. Poor old bow-wow.

PATIOMKIN

The Little Mother no longer has any use for her Patiomkin.

CATHERINE

That is not true.

PATIOMKIN

He is only a poor old dog; and the Little Mother is the Lady in the Moon.

CATHERINE

(*Placing a hand on his knee.*) The Lady in the Moon, she is very fond of her bow-wow.

PATIOMKIN

No. He is too old.

CATHERINE

Nonsense. He is only thirty-six.

PATIOMKIN

(*Looking up.*) And how old is Endymion?

CATHERINE

(*Smiles.*) My Aide de Camp?

PATIOMKIN

Your Majesty's Aide de Camp, General Endymion.

CATHERINE

I am not sure. Twenty-seven.

PATIOMKIN

(*Rising*). I, at least, am nearer your Majesty's age than that!

CATHERINE

You consider him too young?

PATIOMKIN

Utterly out of keeping....

CATHERINE

(*With conviction*). Well, I am serving the Empire in the education of such capable young men.

PATIOMKIN

(*Exasperated.*) Capable! Of what is Endymion capable?

CATHERINE

Who knows? He is still so young. He may be capable of anything. I consider him extremely promising.

PATIOMKIN

Promising!

CATHERINE

Besides, he already knows how to please me.

PATIOMKIN

And I?....

CATHERINE

(*Rising and going toward him.*) I shall always be your friend.

PATIOMKIN

(*Exploding.*) My friend! Is that all. Thanks! I have had a taste of your Majesty's friendship. Was it the act of a friend to take advantage of my absence from the Palace to kick me out?

CATHERINE

Would you rather I had taken advantage of your presence? You are un-

grateful! And where were you in your absence—inspecting your new province of Novgorod, a present from ourself!

PATIOMKIN

I see, now, it was to get me out of the way.

CATHERINE

I wanted to spare your feelings.

PATIOMKIN

Damn my feelings, Madam. You have broken my heart! (*Throwing himself at her feet.*) O most merciful mother, O my life, my joy, my treasure without price, gift unparalleled that God has given me....

CATHERINE

Well?

PATIOMKIN

I offer up this last prayer before your sacred Majesty—this one request....

CATHERINE

I can not grant it.

PATIOMKIN

How do you know? You do not even know what it is!

CATHERINE

You wish me to dismiss General Zavadofsky.

PATIOMKIN

No. He already knows how to please your Majesty..while I....

CATHERINE

My golden pheasant, can you be about to ask me for a hundred thousand roubles?

PATIOMKIN

(*Rising.*) Your Majesty insults me!

CATHERINE

Two hundred thousand?

PATIOMKIN

I shall not need them.

CATHERINE

(*Incredulously.*) What?

PATIOMKIN

(*Devoutly.*) My prayer to the Little Mother is for permission to spend the rest of my days in a holy monastery.

CATHERINE

(*Astounded.*) The rest of your days in a holy monastery? You!

PATIOMKIN

(*Beating his breast.*) Even I!

CATHERINE

You have been drinking.

PATIOMKIN

I was never more sober.

CATHERINE

You are not serious.

PATIOMKIN

I mean what I say, Little Mother.

CATHERINE

And what would a great glutton, and roisterer and ruffian like you *do* in a holy monastery?

PATIOMKIN

Where I have sinned, it is fitting I should expiate. I will mortify this flesh with fasting and praying to the Almighty God for your Imperial Majesty's eternal glory.

CATHERINE

The idea is preposterous and irreligious. I will not hear of such a thing.

PATIOMKIN

What else is one to do in a holy monastery, Little Mother?

CATHERINE

Have I deprived you of your honors and dignities?

PATIOMKIN

You have turned me out of doors!

CATHERINE

Bah! I have given you palaces, jewels, pension and plate to the value of nine million roubles—to say nothing of thirty-seven thousand serfs! You need

scarcely beg on the streets, or seek shelter from the rain in a monastery! *(Sits)*

PATIOMKIN

I have been a burden to the Little Mother.

CATHERINE

We have many burdens, Little Father; and we had hoped that you would continue to help us share them.

PATIOMKIN

Does the Little Mother imagine for a moment that I, too, am without regrets; or that it is an easy thing for her Patiomkin to bid her farewell...

CATHERINE

She does not imagine it for a moment, dear heart. But when her Patiomkin is gone, who will command her armies and help her to govern the glorious empire entrusted to her care?

PATIOMKIN

Your Majesty's Aide de Camp!

CATHERINE

Absurd.

PATIOMKIN

Why not?

CATHERINE

He is too young.

PATIOMKIN

Really?

CATHERINE

To help us govern. Besides, I doubt if he is interested; or, indeed, capable..

PATIOMKIN

Your Majesty surprises me!

CATHERINE

If only you would give up this absurd project...

PATIOMKIN

Of course, if your Majesty should insist...

CATHERINE

My Patiomkin, do you remember our first meeting?

PATIOMKIN

Remember it!

CATHERINE

It was the day we were proclaimed autocrat!

PATIOMKIN

Yes. Your Imperturbability was mounted and in uniform.

CATHERINE

And an obscure lieutenant, seeing we had no plume in our hat, rode up, and offered us his own...

PATIOMKIN

And it was with the greatest difficulty that the obscure lieutenant could persuade his horse to leave the side of the Empress' mount again...

CATHERINE

A fact which impressed the obscure lieutenant's appearance on the Empress' mind, so that later...

PATIOMKIN

Madam, do with Patiomkin as you wish.

CATHERINE

I wish him to stay.

PATIOMKIN

Until the Little Mother changes her mind again?

CATHERINE

Until death destroy one of us!

PATIOMKIN

Adorable sovereign...then, I shall need the hundred thousand roubles after all.

CATHERINE

(*Rises and goes to the desk.*) How could I ever have imagined I could do without you? You may pull the bell-rope.

(*Patiomkin rushes over to the bell-rope and gives it a jerk.*)

CATHERINE

(*Rising and approaching him.*) Here is an order on the treasury for a hundred and fifty thousand.

PATIOMKIN

(Drops on one knee, kisses her hand and takes the order.) O adorable Little Mother...

THE LACKEY

(Enters and bows.) Did your Imperial Majesty ring?

CATHERINE

Tell General Zavadofsky we will see him here.

THE LACKEY

Yes, your Imperial Majesty. (*Bows and withdraws.)*

PATIOMKIN

(Springing to his feet, and capering about.) Have I the Little Mother's permission to kick General Zavadofsky out of the room?

CATHERINE

Out of the room? Certainly not.

PATIOMKIN

As far as the door?

CATHERINE

On the contrary...

PATIOMKIN

What? May I not kick him at all?

CATHERINE

No. You will kiss him.

PATIOMKIN

Kiss him!

CATHERINE

On both cheeks. I wish you to become friends.

PATIOMKIN

Friends? Then you are not dismissing him?

CATHERINE

I shall retain you both.

PATIOMKIN

What!

CATHERINE

Both.

PATIOMKIN

The big bow-wow and the little puppy together!

CATHERINE

Don't misunderstand me. I shall have only one lap-dog.

PATIOMKIN

(*Hopefully.*) Then, everything will be as it was before, except that General Zavadofsky....?

CATHERINE

My dear Patiomkin, you are too big for a lap-dog. My Aide de Camp is not big enough for anything else.

PATIOMKIN

Except to please your Majesty.

CATHERINE

Yes. Ach, here he is!

(*Zavadofsky comes in. He is embarrassed, not knowing what to expect.*)

CATHERINE

(*Meeting him and taking him by the hand.*) My dear young friend, I have been telling Prince Patiomkin what a great admirer of his you are, and how anxious you are to present him with some trifle....

ZAVADOFSKY

But, your Majesty.

CATHERINE

Well?

ZAVADOFSKY

I have nothing—that is....

CATHERINE

Nothing!

ZAVADOFSKY

Except the order for a hundred thousand roubles, which....

PATIOMKIN

(*Interposing quickly.*) Darling! I accept! Quick—embrace me! (*Throwing his arms about him and kissing him on both cheeks.*)

ZAVADOFSKY

(*Submitting.*) Delighted....

PATIOMKIN

Magnificent! Worthy of us both!

ZAVADOFSKY

(*Disengaging himself.*) Shall I endorse the order; or...

PATIOMKIN

Yes.

CATHERINE

What darlings! To my arms. Both of you.

(Curtain.)

Underworld Note

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

I know a woman in Chicago
Who drinks a pint of whiskey every night
And gambles against hilarity,
Risking the tinselled cloudiness
Of her infant heart.
Demons lurk in her dimples;
Her eyes are tortured babies;
Her mind is a series of lifeless abortions
Preceded by thrusts of pain.
The fingers of men have tapped
Drum-beats of reality on her face.
Beneath an electric light
She drinks her pint of whiskey every night,
Like one who endures an imbecile's caress
While waiting for her master.
His foot-sound on the white-tiled floor
Will hold the musical effect of a blow
Tantalizing her body.
Throughout the night she has been
An interrupted caper
Waiting for its orchestra of pain.

The Death of the Devil

By LAFCADIO HEARN

A FANTASTIC story, evidently written by some gifted Bohemian, and published in an Eastern daily, represents the death and funeral obsequies of the Devil in colors luridly splendid as those of Beckwith's picture of the Hall of Eblis. The Devil is dead, and his worshippers clamor for their inheritance; but a wise graybeard cries: "Ye foolish men, the Devil is dead, and the world died with him! The world is dead!" The abstract truth contained in this fancy is not, perhaps, sufficiently recognized. Vice and folly—

> Shall live until Evil be slain
> And Good shall die first, saith the prophet.

Good and evil, though abstract ideas in one sense, are actual representatives in another of opposing forces whose conflicting powers keep the living world in suspension, like the Prophet's coffin, between them. Absolute moral perfection would prove not less destructive to humanity than absolute moral evil. By evil only, as by a loadstone, can the metal of virtue be tested and recognized; it is the magic candle of abominable ingredients whose elfish light enables man to discover strange treasures of truth,—a "Hand of Glory" created indeed for evil, yet indirectly capable of good. By suffering we learn enjoyment, by weariness, rest; persecution has made men merciful, theft has taught them to be honest, tyranny has given them liberty, barbarism has aided them to find civilization. Still the struggle between light and darkness continues; the opposing forces will never cease their fierce rivalry; the steel of what is good smiting the flint of what is evil produces the spark of Knowledge. We have much to thank Evil for; we have no reason to wish that the Devil (as the personification of an abstract idea) should die. When he dies the world will die with him.

A man about to be married acts like one possessed. He soon finds this behavior to be fully justified.

The Place Names of New Orleans Reviews

By H. P. HYLAM

"For Sale: One square of ground bounded by St. Anthony, Annette, Humanity and Pleasure."—Advertisement in the New Orleans Times-Picayune.

THERE are three wanderers' havens among the cities of the world: three Meccas to which men who have long drifted over the earth can come, settle and remain, no longer worried by wanderlust. Those cities, as I take it, are Rome, Paris, and the city of New Orleans.

Who has heard of a wanderer, not originally born there, or near there, drifting into the city of London and there remaining, unstung by wanderlust? What wanderers drift into New York, Vienna, Berlin, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Buda-Pesth, and elect to die there? Those are famous cities, but nobody loves them. And other illustrious cities there are which charm and delight, of which the wanderer carries with him superb and delicious dreams, golden memories—Madrid, Naples, Venice, and the city of Mexico, as I have heard them say. But the wanderers seldom remain there. They halt, admire and continue.

Rome, Paris and New Orleans are three cities where wanderers remain. Each of those cities is full of windblown gentlemen and knaves who have forgotten to depart. Their cemeteries are full of them—wandering fellows from no one cares where, who once upon a time halted there curiously, sat down, rested, became enamored, and put off too long the day of their departure; or who, perhaps, lost all desire to wander farther, cajoled into lethargy by the charm of so pleasant a city. Many an Englishman and many an American has elected to die in Rome, and more in Paris, though it is closer home. And many an Englishman and many a Russian, Frenchman, Spaniard, Irishman, and men of God-knows-what unseemly other races have elected to die in New Orleans. They have drifted in from all corners of the world for two hundred years. The charm of the "old town" has seized and held them. They were unable to depart. They remained lazily and dreamily. The city is still full, will always be full, of wandering sailor-men, drifting gipsy-men, who have been caught by their coat-tails and held here, often against their wills, by the charm of so pleasant a city.

The charm of the city, men will tell you, is fast passing away, and there is much truth in the statement. Yet the fact remains that New Orleans is an incomparable town, richer in traditions and realities than any city, or any state, of the Western Hemisphere. The history of New Orleans, which has never been written, makes much finer entertainment than that of the Republic of Texas, which, in its turn, is infinitely richer and finer than that of the United States. Some day some fellow will write it and it will be well worth while.

It is not my purpose, here, to speak of the concrete visible charm of New

Orleans, which has drawn so many wanderers to a halt; the subject is old and the subject-matter is somewhat deteriorating year by year. I wish merely to note for the reader's pleasure (the business has been a great pleasure to me) a few of the place-names of New Orleans which in their fancifulness, curiousness and naiveté, reveal better than any description the queer and original charm of that old New Orleans, the former tinselled and delightful, whimsical Babylon of the Western World, which charmed and delighted so many hundreds of wanderers for so long a time.

Though the average American city has fallen, in the poverty of its imagination, upon the Arabic notation, the Phoenician alphabet, the list of the presidents of the United States, or the catalogue of a nursery or market-gardener, in order to name its streets, New Orleans has never experienced such a deficiency in fancy. As in Paris you may stumble upon a narrow, circuitous, cocky little alley between dramshops and sheds in the neighborhood of the Porte de Vincennes, and be charmed beyond expression to discover that this is the *rue Francois Villon,* so in New Orleans you may stumble upon a pleasant street in the older city and learn that *it* is Frenchmen Street; or on old maps you may find the *Rue des Bons Enfants* (Good Children Street), the *Rue de l'Amour,* or that street named "Bagatelle" by Monsieur Bernard Marigny after the game of hazard at which he lost a million.

No, New Orleans never named her streets in the order of one-two-three. You will consult the street directory in vain for an Avenue A or an Avenue B or a Forty-Second Street. The streets of New Orleans were named in honor of this or that, as the spirit moved the founder. They were named in honor of saints and angels, rascals and emperors, heroes and philosophers, dainty mistresses, battles and fortresses, the nine muses and the pagan gods: now and then, after a governor, a soldier, a *grand litterateur,* a miracle, or an abstract idea. There was no poverty of fancy here. In the short space of two centuries, New Orleans has named her places as richly as many continental cities have with difficulty succeeded in naming theirs in a thousand years. Many of the street-names, of course, as is the case in all cities of gradual growth, are reminiscent of actual local history, but even these are fascinating as showing the remarkable vicissitudes of this strange town which passed from nation to nation over and over again. The names of the French founder of the city, of French princes and principalities, of French governors, of Spanish governors, are still in every man's mouth as names of thoroughfares—Bienville, Orleans, Carondelet, O'Reilly (Don Alessandro O'Reilly, that infamous but upright Irishman).

One cannot suppress one's amazement at the range of fancy, the catholicity of choice, of the old Creole citizens to whose lot fell the naming of the streets of the city as *faubourgs* were added one by one.

I spoke of Frenchmen Street, and the *Rue des Bons Enfants,* the *Rue de l'Amour,* and that street named "Bagatelle." "But I forgot to mention"—as the drinking-song runs in the chorus—Madmen Street, Mystery Street, Piety Street, Humanity Street, Music Street, Comfort Street, Virtue Street, Pleasure Street, Greatmen Street, the streets of

Abundance, Treasure, Benefit, Genius and Desire, or Sister Street, Story Street, or Craps—this last named also in honor of a second game at which Monsieur Bernard Marigny lost a fortune.

The old city proper, a small rectangular area against the river, is bounded by broad and spacious streets with names all reminiscent of its military nature — Rampart, Esplanade, Canal. The narrow streets in that small parallelogram still bear mostly the names originally given when the city was laid out for the Regent two hundred years ago—Royal, still the quaintest street in America, once one of the grandest; Orleans, named after the Duc d'Orleans, that famous rogue; Dumaine, after the Duc du Maine; Dauphine, after the province of Dauphiné, Burgundy, Conti, Toulouse, Bienville, Hospital, Barracks and St. Anne.

As the city spread beyond this original small square, still known as *le vieux carré,* the fancy of the Creole citizens exerted itself in a myriad directions.

They christened street after street with melodious female names. A few of these, it is true, were the names of beloved daughters, but most of them were the names of still more beloved mistresses. Some of them have passed out of use, but the street directory of New Orleans is still adorned wth dozens of them. And who cannot take pleasure in such titles for pretty and pleasant streets as Annette, Celeste, Angelie, Estelle, Elizabeth, Felicité and Rosalind? La Nouvelle Orleans had, too, her handmaidens, no less than the Lady Mary—she who had those

> whose names
> Are five sweet symphonies,
> Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
> Margaret and Rosalys.

They fell back into the quiet realm of religious contemplation and called street after street by such names as Assumption, Notre Dame, Conception, Annunciation, Ascension. One was christened "Religious Street." I have referred to Piety Street.

They called all the saints to hand—St. Patrick, St. Peter, St. George, St. Francis, St. Anne, St. Theresa, St. Denis, and St. Bartholomew. And there is St. Anthony's Alley.

They named streets and avenues for Napoleon Bonaparte—for battles of his, Jena and Austerlitz.

They extended their courtesy to other and inferior villages of the world, so that they had streets for Brussels (Bruxelles), for Bordeaux, for Edinburgh, for Belfast, for Constantinople, for London, Dublin, Warsaw, Mexico and Paris, Berlin and Milan.

They began with the nine muses—Euterpe, Thalia and the rest—and invaded ancient history and the mythologies of Greece and Rome, so that they left us, in a tremendous jumble, streets for the Dryades and the Naiades, for Achilles (Achille), Demosthenes (Demosthène), Numa, Alcibiades (Alcibiade), for the Coliseum, for Hercules, for Leonidas, for Pelopidas, for Virginius, for Venus, Juno and Apollo. (These classical names, as has been often stated in print for the advantage of strangers, are often pronounced French-fashion, a pronunciation which invariably strikes the uncultured American as vulgar and incorrect. Thus Euterpe is "Euterp," Melpomene, "Melpomeen," Calliope, "Callioap," anl Dry-

ades, "Dryads." New Orleans being, after all, a French city, it is ridiculous to consider this style of pronunciation incorrect.)

They made streets for Bernadotte, Cambronne, Alexander, Murat, Cortez.

They extended a dignified courtesy rare in America by christening a street with the full name or title of the sponsor—Stephen Girard, General Taylor, Henry Clay, General Lee, Walter Scott, and very recently, General Pershing.

They experienced strange freaks of fancy and produced such names as Ne Plus Ultra Street, Last Street, Deer Street, Rabbit Street, Mandolin Street —streets for Agriculture, Law and Industry.

They made streets for Byron, Socrates, Voltaire, Mozart, Rossini, Dryden, Dante, Raphael, Shakespeare and Moliere. They made a street for Ptolemy, and a street for Solomon, and a street for Mahomet, and a street in honor of Eve.

There are many things, as I have said, in tradition and in fact, which make New Orleans an incomparable city. But the place names of New Orleans, alone, give better than any description a suggestion and an indication of the strange charm of the town. I have sketched hastily. The list from first to last of curious and delightful place-names is a long one. And yet, when you come to New Orleans, you can find no better light reading than a street directory.

In the street directory of what other American city will you find such pleasant names as these, or half so many of them: Tchoupitoulas, Bernadotte, Castiglione, Ursuline, Elysian Fields, Octavia, O'Reilly, Periander, Lotus, Ophir, Prytania, Mandolin, Appolonia, Celestine, Evelina, Lapeyrouse, Eleanore, Marengo, Maurepas, Nuns, Solidelle, Carondelet? Or names like nursery rhymes and fairy tales and the Apocalypse: Goodchildren Street, Circus Street, Frenchmen Street, the Street of Love and the streets of Madness and of Mystery?

Through a Window

By OLIVE BOULLEMET LYONS

Morning-Glory,
Held in the hands of the wind,
Are you content?
You brush your vivid lips across the wet cheek of a cloud,
Staining its grey solemnity.

A few glad hours you swing above the world,
Then droop—forgetful:
While I, protected from the wind,
Must bear the pain of your so sudden loveliness.

Off!

By MARX G. SABEL

The amphigoric legend of a popular refrain,
  Vivid people dancing on a pier—
Many twitching stars, and a quick, lean rain
  Of wind! "Oh, come, my dear—
Charley has a party on; we're going up the beach;
  Shake that boob and come with us!"
A livid moon like a bloated leech,
  And black, black water—thunderous!

A long white stretch of glittering sand,
  And the put-put-put of a busy exhaust,
Four white circles! "Where ya got ya hand?"
  A stab of wind, and a holocaust
Of dunes, and palms, and short-clipped words,
  Of hair, and coats, and pattering foam—
  The lighthouse huddles like a nigger gnome,
And the stars fly past us...silver birds!

At St. Roch's Chapel

By EDNA ADELAIDE STRAUS

Burn a candle to Saint Roch
And for your heart's wish pray;
And it will surely come to pass—
Or so they say.

But oh, be careful what you ask,
So if your wish come true
Anticipation has not staled
Reality for you.

Reviews

THE TRIUMPH OF THE EGG

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

(*B. W. Huebsch Inc.*, 1921)

NO one seems able to read Sherwood Anderson's stories without being troubled into thinking about them. It's a quality his stories have beyond those of any other living American writer. They force self-investigation; they demand a degree of honesty in self-valuation; they insist on a similar sincerity of purpose and candor in the reading as Mr. Anderson himself reveals in the writing. In a sense, therefore, although Mr. Anderson may not plan it to be so, his stories are between writer and reader a kind of public confession of the inhibitions, the dark cowardices, the little deaths that have been stewing around in innards ever since Plymouth Rock became the ball and chain that tugged at the stout adventurous leg of American youthfulness. They are a kind of opening of windows to let the sun shine into a dark musty room.

Mr. Anderson is no conscious propagandist. He seems to have no particular show to push. He is interested in life, in living; if his stories are any indication, he is not so much interested in what persons do, as in *why* they do it.

In "The Triumph of the Egg," he has grouped together a series of personalities troubled by life—but only troubled by life because life has either sickened or somehow died for them or because life has frightened them into abnegation of themselves and their natural impulses. What drama of emotion disturbs, wrecks or elevates these personalities is the stuff he fashions his episodes out of.

His stories have something in them of a sustained lyric cry. They are realistic in that they attempt, with fewer unhealthy reticences than is common these days, to present truly the stress of suppressed impulses, the drama that burns in the hearts of people. "Nothing natural is unbeautiful," one catches the message echoing through the pages. "Nothing natural is repulsive. Flesh is sweet and unashamed. Life may be a lovely thing, only if lives dare surrender to it simply, freely." Mr. Anderson in his tales accepts the inevitable triumph of the egg. He is not resigned to it. He *welcomes* it. If he accepted it with reluctance his tales might be called bitter. But he applauds the triumph of the egg—a very reasonable thing to do, since men and women must and will live and procreate anyway—he welcomes the inevitable, and his tales are consequently mellow with hopeful, richly promising overtones. Otherwise they might have become mere clinical reports in abnormal psychology.

Mr. Anderson's technic is as natural as he would appear to want living to be. The first prose tale in the volume is told by a boy who loves a racehorse. "I Want to Know Why," is the title. The boy has seen a thoroughbred win a race, and later through the window of a bawdy house he sees the thoroughbred's trainer kiss "a tall rotten-looking

woman." He wants to know how "a man like Jerry Tillford, who knows what he does, could see a horse like Sunstreak run, and kiss a woman like that the same day." This story seems to have written itself. The movement is leisurely, the digressions apparently many, and yet the impression on the reader once the tale is ended, is that of power and compelling unity. And most of Mr. Anderson's stories are done that way. If they weren't, judged from his themes and his message they would belie, I suspect, his sincerity of purpose.

There are fifteen stories in this volume, all of them vividly conceived and vividly presented. I found myself reading "The Egg", one of them, with an unusually feverish intensity. *I* wanted to know why. And I discovered to my surprise, that it wasn't because of any journalistic trick in the selection of so-called graphic words or in the length of sentences. I discovered that I was living the episode with the protagonist. I *was* the protagonist.

Mr. Anderson, it seems to me, is able to do that to his reader with words. He sees what appears to him the truth and then somehow soon convinces the reader that he tells the truth as the truth has never quite been told before, packing his words with all the meaning they can stand. The effect is a new thing in American literature—the result of a strange stimulation of mutual candor and mutual trust.

WALTER YUST.

THE GOLDEN DARKNESS

By OSCAR WILLIAMS

(*Yale University Press*, 1921)

OSCAR Williams is the most articulate youngster I have ever known, and yet the world he lives in, the world he sings of, must ever remain incomprehensible to those of us who dwell completely and more or less comfortably in what he calls "gravestones men call houses, In the cemetry men call a city." And because of the incomprehensibility of his world, in large measure even to him, this young-old priest of the sad divinity of Strangeness can bring us only a suggested beauty, a wierdly-come quickly-go vague beauty, a reluctant loveliness like gossamer, like soft-blown musk.

Oscar Williams' impression of his own universe is definite enough. His emotions, he tells us, are his life. They engulf him. His expression of these emotions, his lyric cry, he realizes, is inadequate—not satisfactory even to himself. And this earnest faith in his world of "days haunted by delirium," by

> A strange madness that keeps my reason firm,
> And a strange reason that makes the whole world mad.

and his wholesome hesitancy about his ability to express his world perfectly, give promise of a profounder art. His is the attitude conducive to continued aliveness, growth, increasing power.

In his earlier volume, "In Gossamer Grey," he includes this:

> A poet said
> "What is in a name?"
> But I had a beautiful meaning
> And I forgot to name it,
> And now
> How can I call it
> Out of the depth?

I picture Oscar Williams, ignoring grandly, as he does, the world of state senators and afternoon teas, wandering along the dark silences, over the shadow-meadows, down the halls of the dim grey rain, acutely *having* "beautiful meanings." And having them, he must name them. And he does name them: not so often as one might wish, in exquisite poems; but in exquisite phrases. He personalizes these meanings, he dips them in something soft like whispers, in something haunting like a frail sad face; and in the spirit of his youth he dramatizes these meanings vividly, until they become a name—a phrase precious with the meaning that has made them.

In "Spirit of All Things," he writes:

With hills' grey parted lips that chant
The silence through the years.

In "With Me", perhaps one of his most completely finished poems:

But when I die, some monstrous hand
Out of a night that is not night
Will draw a silence down the wind,
A darkness down life's pane of light.

In "Painted Girls," the gay women dance in a flood of light

And the warning hand of the darkness
Is the black window-pane.

The three examples may suggest something of the rich imagery of his poems. The first is taken from a poem which I suspect isn't a poem at all, the last from a more successful poem, but not a compellingly perfect one. The three suggest Oscar Williams' strength and his weakness—a weakness which I believe he will outgrow in the fullness of time and experience.

Oscar Williams' patent weakness—I have touched upon his strength—has been an apparent willingness to publish a poem before it is finished, before he has fully minted his emotion. I feel that he catches his inspiration in phrases, and bundles them into poems in which too often the lyric cry is not carefully sustained. Obviously too, he repeats three or four images he has come to delight in; though this repetition in the present volume is perhaps the result of the peculiarly limited selection of poems by Professor Charlton M. Lewis (Oscar Williams did not select the verses in "The Golden Darkness") and not of a poverty of inspiration or frailty in craftsmanship.

Oscar Willims has written hundreds of poems. He began writing acceptable verse at sixteen and continued to do so 'till a year ago when he was twenty. To-day, he understands the danger of mere facility. To-day, he is writing fewer but more perfect poems. "The Golden Darkness" represents his earlier period. It is a good book of verse, with flashes of a rich rare madness. It would seem to be the most promising of the books of verse from that group of young poets panting successfully today up from the lower slopes of Parnassus. Oscar Williams' next book ought to register achievement.

SYLVAN O. PICKENS.

SOUR GRAPES

By WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

(*Four Seas Co.*, 1921)

THIS is not going to be, strictly speaking, a review. William Carlos Williams cannot be reviewed. He can be criticised, he can be condemned, he can be ridiculed. On the other hand, he can give his public, a public which excludes psalm-singers,

blue-lawmakers, school-teachers, automobile manufacturers, proprietors of soft drink parlors, moving picture addicts, and disciples of *The Saturday Evening Post* school of literature, something that they are always looking for, something that is healthy and clean and beautiful.

"Sour Grapes" is the name of the book I am supposed to review. It is Mr. Williams' latest book, a little volume of seventy-eight pages with many poems in it that seem to me beautiful, and several which I do not like. And now, instead of telling why I do or do not like these poems, which would no doubt be very pleasant to me, but which would scarcely add to the erudition of the world, I shall quote as many of them as I can, with as little comment as my self-restraint will allow.

Some of these poems seem like Chinese lyrics. "Word-pictures" is the word the Chinese use to describe them, and the Oriental hangs these poems upon his walls, instead of landscape paintings. "The Willow Poem" is essentially one of these word-pictures.

It is a willow when the summer is over,
a willow by the river
from which no leaf has fallen nor
bitten by the sun
turned orange or crimson.
The leaves cling and grow paler,
swing and grow paler
over the swirling waters of the river
as if loath to let go,
they are so cool, so drunk with
the swirl of the wind and of the river—
oblivious to winter,
the last to let go and fall
into the water and on the ground.

And again, from the poem called "Portrait of the Author,"

The birches are mad with green points
the wood's edge is burning with their green,
burning, seething—no, no, no.
The birches are opening their leaves one
by one. Their delicate leaves unfold cold
and separate, one by one. Slender tassels
hang swaying from the delicate branch tips—
* * * * * * * * *
Black is split at once into flowers. In
every bog and ditch, flares of
small fire, white flowers! * * *

A poem of a very different sort, I leave it to you to supply your own adjectives but to me it seems one of the significant poems of the volume, is "Youth and Beauty."

I bought a dishmop—
having no daughter—
for they had twisted
fine ribbons of shining copper
about white twine
and made a tousled head
of it, fastened it
upon a turned ash stick
slender at the neck
straight, tall—
when tied upright
on the brass wall bracket
to be a light for me—
and naked,
as a girl should seem
to her father.

Many of the pages in Mr. Williams' book contain only four or three or two lines, but his poetry is a thing apart from length. The form of his verse too, is immaterial. There may be carping critics who object to the unusual arrangement of his lines, but these critics must be pedants who, because of a split infinitive, would condemn a masterpiece. If one is going to stop and quibble with outward manifestations, he will be able to get nothing from "Sour Grapes." But if he he a sincere lover of beauty, he will find the book full of lovely things.

ADALINE KATZ.

CROME YELLOW

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

(Chatto and Windus, 1921, London)

AFTER "Leda" and "Limbo" to give us *this*! Not that it isn't deliciously clever and all that, for it is; but it is distinctly disappointing in spite of its cleverness. One feels, rather, as though it were a sort of practical joke, just a little something that Mr. Huxley thought he would put over for his own amusement. Not a very robust, self-assertive joke, either, and perhaps not even an amusement; merely a slight diversion, a wish to get back at all the people sporting their "own private faces" and thoughts and emotions, an idea, listlessly spiteful, that Mr. Huxley trifled with in a moment of mental weariness. He was so hopelessly bored, perhaps, or so afraid of doing the conventional thing—he must have known that after "Leda" we were all waiting impatiently for whatever he saw fit to give us—that, with his tongue in his cheek, as it were, he airily tosses us "Crome Yellow." And it is like an unexpected dash of cold water. One gasps resentfully, and Mr. Huxley laughs ha-ha somewhere off-stage.

Summer, an Elizabethan country-house and a group of idle people—talking—talking—talking—talking; that is Crome Yellow. Yet that is scarcely fair. They are not all idle. And Jenny never talks—she is the only one who doesn't—but retires into "the ivory tower of her deafness" and plays the drums and scribbles—to some purpose—in her red notebook. And Gombauld is not idle; he is a painter who has gone through Cubism and "come out on the other side." And Henry Wimbush is busy with his futile history of Crome; and Ivor, with his love affairs. Ivor, possibly, is the busiest of all. One catches glimpses of him shooting about the country in his yellow car, full of the joy of life and not at all bored by the monotony of his incessant amours. As for the others—oh, they are all real, they are all amusing, they are all clever—with Mr. Huxley's particular brand of impudent smartness—and the whole thing is intensely diverting.

But it is not a book. It is only a pot-pourri of unrelated episodes and incidents and conversations about everything and nothing; there is even—for lagniappe—a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Bodiham, who has tried to make his parishioners "understand about God, what a fearful thing it is to fall into his hands. God—they thought of something soft and merciful. They blinded themselves to facts; still more they blinded themselves to the Bible. The passengers on the Titanic sang 'Nearer My God to Thee' as the ship was going down. Did they realize what they were asking to be brought nearer to?" And there is the episode of the dwarf Sir Hercules from Henry Wimbush's history. And there is the Charity Fair—that is a gem—to which comes old Lord Moleyn looking "like a caricature of an English Milord in a French comic paper....and Mr. Callamay, the venerable conservative statesman, with a face like a Roman bust, and short white hair. Young girls didn't much like going for motor drives alone with Mr. Callamay, and of old Lord Moleyn one wondered

why he wasn't living in gilded exile on the Island of Capri among the other distinguished persons who, for one reason or another, find it impossible to live in England." And then there is the conversation—there is always one or more just like this in every up-to-date book nowadays and they are becoming tedious—between Anne and young Mary Bracegirdle. Mary has dreams and detects in herself "symptoms like the ones you read of in books;" and "I'm so awfully afraid of repressions," she tells Anne.

"What's there to be depressed about?"

"I said repressions, not depressions."

"Oh, repressions, I see," said Anne. "But repressions of what?"

"The natural instincts of sex...." she began didactically. But Anne cut her short.

"Yes, yes, perfectly. I understand. Repressions, old maids and all the rest. But what about them?"

Et cetera....

As a book of irrelevant jottings, scraps of things heard or seen or felt or thought at a country-house party, brilliant bits of characterization, it has its merits; because even at the worst Mr. Huxley never becomes platitudinous. But, somehow, one feels cheated. And as a successor to "Leda" it isn't even a very good joke.

ALICE SESSUMS LEOVY.

A MODERN PICTURE OF SPAIN

By J. B. TREND

(Houghton Mifflin Co., N. Y.)

THERE being much to praise and very little to criticise in this book, I shall perform the most disagreeable task first.

The point, for my only criticism, is best illustrated by the following American story:

The Public School Board of one of the "twin cities," in the State of Minnesota, was engaged in the selection of books suitable for daily reading at its public schools.

At one of the sessions—the New Testament being the book under consideration—Olaf Peterson got up and addressed the chair as follows:

"Mr. Chairman—I believe this bane a good book; but my objection bane it talks too damn much about St. Paul and don't mention Minneapolis at all."

Applied to the work under review, the above means that I object to Mr. Trend having devoted so much effort and space to the Catalan race, its history, dialects, literature, music and political ambitions, and so little to the Basque, that quaint, serious, virile race of the North, which has given Spain her Loyola, Gayarre, Sarasate, Baroja, and Unamuno; each—in his particular field—as worthy of study and attention as any Catalan that ever lived.

In due justice to the author, however, I must consign that, I being a Basque, my judgment in the premises is bound to be somewhat biased.

The book as a whole is the most thorough, intelligent and exact journa-

listic account of my country that I have read in many years. Mr. Trend is beyond question a discriminating, honest, and expert appraiser of the events and values about which he writes; and his evident understanding and proper appreciation of things Spanish—be they educational, literary, graphic, historic, musical or sociological—are most refreshing after these many years during which every Anglo-Saxon writer seemed to be unable to think of Spain except in terms of Bizet's opera, guitar music, bull fighting and priests.

The bibliographies embodied in the book should be of invaluable assistance to all earnest students of Spanish literature, poetry, drama and music; and certainly deserve the unstinted praise of those—such as I—who, because of their love for these subjects, would become indignant over the "ignorance" of Anglo-Saxon writers about them—but would never devote enough time, effort or sacrifice of personal leisure to enlighten those writers by just such a discerning and laborious research as Mr. Trend's book makes evident on his part.

To such students, writers and amateurs, Mr. Trend's book should be a revelation; and an appetizer for more elaborate and nourishing partakings.

To those interested specially in Spanish books, by modern Spanish writers, it represents a remarkably accurate gauge as to the relative worths of Pio Baroja, "Azorin," and others, as compared to Blasco Ibanez; whose innate genius for publicity—after the American style—has placed him for the time being in the niche corresponding to the foremost writer of the Spanish language which, by far, he is not.

Summing up: I must pronounce Mr. Trend's book an excellent and instructive one, and conclude by wishing that all future writings about Spain, by English-writing pens shall follow it as a model for thoroughness, reality, fairness and honesty of purpose.

J. W. BERENGHER.

THE PATRIOTEER

By HEINRICH MANN

(Authorized Translation by Ernest Boyd, the European Library, Harcourt, Brace and Co., N. Y.)

TIME has fled too fast for the translator. The Patrioteer, though good, is not beyond the reach of time and circumstance. Satire levelled at the type of German representing the apotheosis of loyalty to Emperor seems apart from the present point and few readers will take the imaginative trouble to apply Diedrich Hessling to the patrioteer typical of an imperialistic democracy.

But many are the uses of a good book. Its virtue lies not solely in the ease with which we can apply it to ourselves and our millieu. Let us then call The Patrioteer (Der Untertan) the summation, by means of fictional portrait painting, of a period of German history from which we may derive both interest and illumination into pre-war Teutonia. We have it, I think, when, without offense to Mr. Sinclair Lewis, we call this book the Main Street of provincial Germany of the '90s. Except that there is neither hero no heroine. Mann is too much the satirist, too much concerned with opposing tendencies to

bother about individuals. These are garbed in their circumstances and because they cannot be rendered naked we have neither hero nor heroine nor villain.

Yet though the chief character of the book Diedrich Hessling, is all that a generous reader must abhor, his Odyssey is recorded so plausibly that, before we are cognizant of it, treachery, contemptibleness, deceit, cowardice, avarice, bullying(lying, hypocrisy and informing have come to be regarded as natural and almost acceptable concomitants of a career in the service of God, Kingdom and Self. Why is Diedrch Hessling rendered so acceptable? Because in nothing is he magnificent. His evils are drab, his vices common. His triumph is common. He triumphs with a paunch, property, investments, an obedient wife, male children and a share in a high-class prostitute. Depressing, but true.

HARRY SALPETER.

Books Received

HYMEN, by H D. (*Henry Holt.*)

MARCH ON, by George Madden Martin (*Appleton.*)

RUMMYNISCENCIES, by Fred P. Kafka (*Cornhill.*)

MYSTIC SONGS OF FLAME AND FIRE, by K. Arthur-Behenna (*Cornhill.*)

THE PLAYGROUND OF THE GODS, by Elizabeth Huntington (*Four Seas.*)

ENVY: *A Tale*, by Ernst von Wildenbruch (*Four Seas.*)

LETTERS ON CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN AUTHORS, by Martin McCollough (*Four Seas.*)

YGDRASIL, by Royall Snow (*Four Seas.*)

ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE FOR 1921, by William Stanley Braithwaite (*Small Maynard.*)

NEW ALTARS, by Edith Talbot Scheffaur (*Wm. Kupe, Berlin.*)

BRAZILIAN TALES, 1921, by Isaac Goldberg (*Four Seas.*)

FAMOUS STORIES FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES, translated by Edna Worthley Underwood (*Four Seas.*)

SOUR GRAPES, by William Carlos Williams (*Four Seas.*)

MIDNIGHT, by Octavus Roy Cohen (*Dodd Mead.*)

And others reviewed in this issue.

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